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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London

By R. W.

1590

Date of the only known Edition 1590

(B.M. C. 34. b. 31.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London

By R. W.

1590

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The B.M. copy, from which this facsimile is taken, is imperfect, lacking signature D 1—4v. These 8pp. have been supplied from the Bodleian copy, which, generally speaking, is not such a good example. There are other copies in the Bridgewater and Devonshire collections.

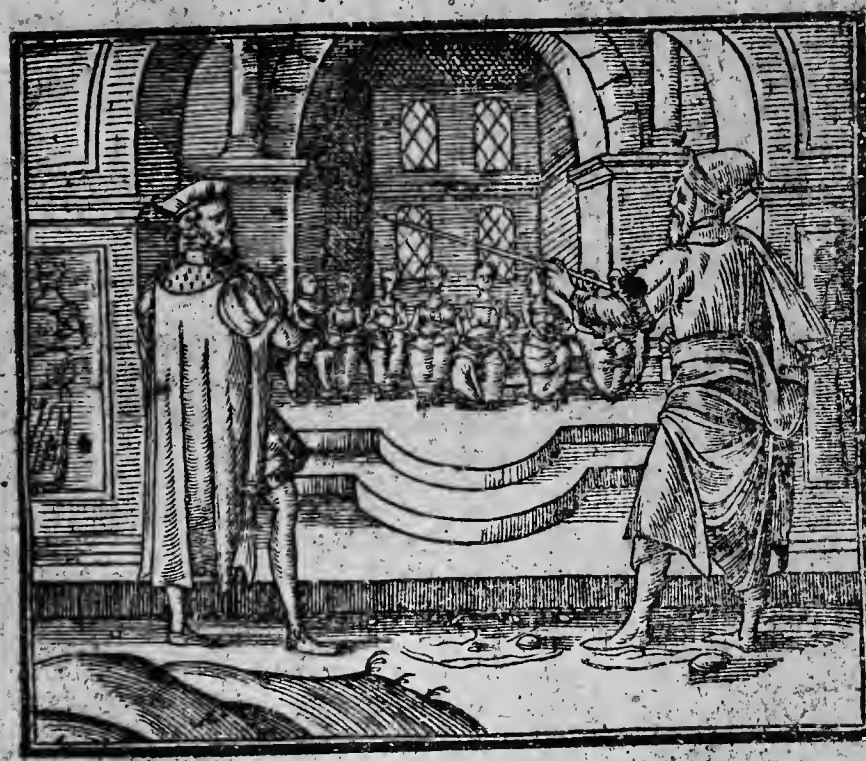
"The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London" is practically a continuation of "The Three Ladies of London" (q.v.), *also by R. W., who is usually identified with Robert Wilson the Elder, the author of other plays of the period (see "Dictionary of National Biography"): all have now been issued in this series.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert's report of this facsimile is that it is "reproduced with admirable fidelity." Of the woodcut on title-page he says, "a very good facsimile. The original is much faded and pale—a condition that hardly could be, if it should be, represented here."

JOHN S. FARMER.

The pleasant and Stately Morall, of the three Lordes *and three Ladies of London.*

With the great Joy and Pompe, Solempnized at their Marriages: Commically interlaced with much honest Mirth, for pleasure and recreation, among many Morall observations and other important matters of due Regard. by R. W.



LONDON.
Printed by R. Ihones, at the Rose and Crowne neere Holburne Bridge, 1590.

The Actors names.

Pollicie, Pompe, Pleasure, } the three Lords of London. { Wit. Wealth. Wil. } their pages.

Nemo, a graue old man.

Loue, Lucre, Conscience, } three Ladies of London.

Honest Industrie, Pure zeale, Sincerite, } three Sages.

Pride, Ambition, Tiranny, } three Lordes of Spaine, { Shame, Treachery, Terror, } their pages.

Desire, Delight, Deuotion, } three Lordes of Lincolne.

Sorrowe, a Iayler.

Simplicity, a poore Free man of London.
Painefull Penurie, his wife.

Diligence, a Posse, or an Officer.

Fealtie, Shealtie, } two Heraldes at Armes.

Fraud, Vsurie, Dissimulation, Simony, } Foure Gallantes.

Falshood, Double dealing, } two that belong to Fraud and Dissimulation.

Enter for the Preface, a Lady very richly attyred, representing London, having two Angels before her, and two after her with bright Rapiers in their handes.

London speaketh.

LO, Gentles, thus the Lord dooth London guard,
Not for my sake, but for his owne delight:
For all in vaine the Centonels watch and ward,
Except he keepe the Citie day and night.
How may my foes in vaine both spurn and spight,
My foes I meane, that London represent,
Guarded from heauen by Angels excellent.

This blessing is not my sole benefit,
All England is, and so preserued hath bene,
Not by mans strength, his policie and wit,
But by a power and prouidence vnseene.
Euen for the loue wherewith God loues our Queene:
In whom, for whom, by whom we do possesse
More grace, more good, than London can expresse.

And that hath bred our plenty and our peace,
And they doo breed the sportes you come to see,
And for it is, that I enioy increase,
My former fruites were louely Ladies three;
Now of three Lords to talke is Londons glee.
Whose deeds I wish may to your liking frame,
For London bids you welcome to the same.

Finis.

The pleasant and statelie Morall
of the three Lords of London.

Enter the three Lordes and their pages: First, Pollicie with his page Wit before him, bearing a shield: the ympreze, a Toytoys, the word, *Prouidens securus*. Next Pompe, with his page Wealth bearing his shield, the word, *Glorie sauns peere*: the ympreze a Lillie. Last, Pleasure, his page Will, his ympreze, a Faulcon, the woord, *Pour temps*: Pol. attired in blacke, Pompe in rich roabes, and Pleasure in collours.

Pollicie.

HEre I aduaunce my shield and hang it vp,
To challenge him who euer bare denie,
That one of those three London Ladies rare
Ought not of right be matcht with Pollicie:
A London Lord, the which I represent.

Pom. And pomp prouides his challenge in his (word,
(Glorie sauns peere) claiming the one of them,
Not by compulsion, but by common right,
Yet maugre men my shield is here aduaunc'd
For one matchlesse, a London Lady best
Besæmeth Pompe (a London Lord) to haue.

Plea. Pleasure hath sear'd as doth his ympreze show,
To looke aloofe on earthly Ladies all,
Yet neuer could my curious eie discerne
A Dame of worth, for Londons Pleasures loue,
But one, and she doth shine as siluer Doue.
Of selfe bred stile, of London is her race,
For whom in challenge I my shield aduaunce.

Pol. Thus each in honor of his Mistresse
And in regard of his wel daring mind,
Hath here ymprizde the challenge of his right:
But Lordings both, and brethren bred and sworne,

A'caution muſt be had in this conceit,
That all our thoughtes aſpire not to one heauen,
Nor all our ſhips do laile for one ſelfe hauen,
I meane that all our ſuites and ſeruices
We lend and tender to one onely Dame,
All chooſing one, refuſing th'other two.

Pom. A great miſlike amongſt vs that might breede.

Plea. I ſeeke but one and her vnto my ſelfe.

Pom. And one wiſh I ſaunsa partner of my loues.

Pol. It ſtands with honour to be ſole or none.

Pom. Whom loueſt thou pleaſure?

Plea. Hearke ye. Whiſper in his eare.

Pom. Tuſh, ye lie.

Wil. If my maiſter were a ſouldier, that word wold haue the ſtab.

Wit. Wel Wil, ſtil you'il be a ſaucie Scab.

pom. Why Pleaſure? Pompe hath choſen Lucres loue.

plea. Why pompe? But pleaſure honors Lucre moſt.

pol. And pollicie may Lady Lucre gaine
Before you both: but let vs not contend,
For Nemo dooth the Ladies priſoners keepe,
Though they were ſaundered late with Libertis
And mariage to three farre borne Forriners.
Then firſt it fits we practiſe their releaſe,
And ſee them, and by ſight our liking place,
For yet we loue as Goſſips tell their tales,
By hearſay: Fame, not Fauour hath vs yet enflam'd.

pom. Lord pollicie with reaſon hath diſcuſt
pleaſure conſent, and ſo our loue ſhall hold.

ple. Ye neuer found that Londons Pleaſure err'd
From reaſon, or from pompe and pollicy.

pol. Come on ſir boy, attend you wel your charge, To his page Wit.
Wait in this place to watch and ward this ſhield,
If any man in honor of his loue,
So hardy be with ſtroke of ſword to attaint
This ſhield, and challenge him that hereby challengeth,
Say for thy Lord as ſhould a truſty Page,
That pollicie doth dare him to perfourme
A hardier taſke than common challengers.
If he demaund what pollicy may be,

A Lord

A Lord of London say, one of the three.

pom. And you (sir boy) for pompe perform the like, To Wealth.
Bid him that dare this Empreze batter once,
Be well aduisde he be no beggers brat,
Nor base of courage, nor of bad conceit:
To match himselfe with such magnificence,
As fits Lord pompe of London for his loue:
Call if he come that can encounter me,
Or moone me not for ech enuious swad.

plea. Will, be not wanton nor of waiward mood, To Will.
Waite as doo these, vse faith and diligence,
And marke him well that dare disdaine this shield,
Which Londons Lord that pleasure hath to name,
Hath here aduaunc'd in honor of his Dame.
I bid thee marke him well, what e'er he be,
That Londons pleasure dooth in malice scorne,
For he's a Rascal, or a straunger borne.
Good boy marke well his iesture and his looke,
His eie, his gate, his weapon and attire,
And dog him to his lodging, or his denne,
For I will make him scomme and scorne of men,
No better boy than Wil, when Wil is pleasde,
Be pleasd my boy, and so be my good Wil.

pol. And so good boyes farewel, look to your charge,
Watch well good Wit, who scorneth Londons pollicy,
Be warie Wit, for thou canst well discerne.

pom. Wealth watch for pomp for thou canst wel defend

plea. Wil can do something too when pleaseth him. Exeunt the 3. Lordes.

Wit. Wil is a good boy where better is none.

Wil. Nay Wit were the best boy if wil were gone.

Wea. Nay wealth is the best boy, firs let that alone.

VVit. I wisse he faith true wil, this wealth's a gay lad,

Wil. I care not for him, curmudgenly Swad.

Wea. Wel, misse me a while & you'll go neer to be sad.

VVit. Wil, ye are wil-foole, if of him ye be not glad.

VVil. Nay wit if thou want him, thou'lt go neer to be mad.

VVea. To keepe vs still quiet, I would other talke we had,

VVit. I hope we'll not fall out being none but we three.

Wea. If Wealth were away, Wit and Wil would agree.
Wil. Nay, Wit and wil are at strife, when ther's no body but we.
VVit. Let passe, and of our shields (firs) let's make a litle glee,
Wil, what glues thy maister here? a Buzzard or a Kyte.
wil. Wit, you showe your selfe a Gentleman by getting so right,
A Buzzard: thou Buzzard, Wit, hast no more skil
Then take a Faulcon for a Buzzard.
Wit. O be quiet good Wil:
It was but for sport, for I know the bird els,
Wea. Thou mightest see it was no Buzzard man by the bels:
wit. What's the reason of this Faulcon, I pray thee Will show.
Wil. Thou knowst that a Faulcon soares hie, and stoupes low,
So doeth pleasure.
Wit. And what's the word?
Wil. Pour temps, for time.
Wit. A verie pretie one, I would it were in rime.
Wea. In rime VVit, why so?
Wit. Because it wantes reason.
Wil. Looke for my sist VVit, if ye rap out such treason.
VVit. Treason, to what, boy?
Wil. To my maisters bird.
Wit. Now Wil my thombe wags, it was but to his word.
Wil. A is a pleasant Gentleman, this poong mast. Wit,
Pour maister hath something to, I pray ye what's it.
VVit. Looke wil, and gesse.
Wil. Tis a Toad in a shell.
Wea. I had as leue ye had said, a Frog in a well.
VVit. Is't not a great Butterfly, Wil, canst thou tell?
Wil. What is it in sadnesse?
VVit. A Tortoys my boy, whose shell is so hard, that a loaden cart may goe ouer and not breake it, and so she is safe within, and wheresoeuer ther goes, she beares it on her backe, needing neither other succour or shilter but her shell: the word underneath her is Prouidens securus, the prouident is safe, like to the Tortoys, armed with his owne defence, and defended with his owne armour: in shape somewhat rounde, signifying compasse, wherein alwaies the prouident forsee to keepe themselues within their owne compasse, my boy.

Wil. Wit

wil. wittily spoken, now wealths maist. hath got a Daffadowndilly.

VVea. If VVill had not bene wilfull, now he might haue saide a Lilly, whose glorie is without comparison, and beautie matchlesse. for Salomon the most sumptuous King that euer was, was neuer comparable in glorie with the Lilly, neither is ther any cities matchable with the pomp of London, mistake me not good boies, that this pompe tendes to pride, yet London hath ynough, but my Lord pomp doeth rightly represent the statelie magnificence and sumptuous estate without pride or vaineglorie to London accomodate, and therefore the word is well applied to the ymprese (Glorie sauns peere) for that the Lillie is neither proud of the beautie, nor vainglorious of the pompe: No more is London, but if it be ioyful of any thing, it is of the peace and plentie, both flowing from two such fountaines as becomes not vs to name. Now therefore, my good boies, know that my Maister is rather Magnificence than pompe in bad sense, and rather pomp than Pride in the best sense.

wil. And my Lord is not pleasure sprong of Voluptuousnes, but of such honorable and honest kind conceit, as heauen & humanitie wel brookes and allowes pleasure pleasing not pernitious.

wit. Who would haue thought that wil had bene philosophous,
But what means the word pour temps in the shield, for time?

wil. Wit, shal I cal thee foole: the best pleasure of al lasts but a time,
For of all pleasures most pleasing to sight,
Yet diseases end it, the breach of a wing,
Nay, the breach of a fether spoiles that sweet thing:

wit And so my maister hath the vantage wil per no,
pomp and pleasure may be il.

Wil. May not pollicy be bad?

weal. Wit, wel ouertaken by VVil that craftie Lad.

wit. A craftie Goose, the Gander giues him health,
Bad pollici's seldome found in so Christian a common wealth,
As London is I trust, where my maister is a Lord.

wil. And ours so to.

wea. Wel, let vs accord, for wit's a good thing, yet may be il appli'd

wit. And so may wealth, be it imploied in pride,
And wil worst of all, when it disdaines a guide.

wil. A Jack an Apes hath wit.

 wit. And

Wit. And ſo he hath Wil.
Wea. But he neuer hath wealth: now ye are both ſtill.
Wit. Yes, he weares a chaine.
Wil. Well ſpoke, and like a bearward.
Wea. If ye be Non plus let the matter fall.
Wil. Wit, doſt thou ſee? thus goes wealth away with al.
Wit. Let's reaſon no further for we ſhal haue glee,
Here is a challenger to our ſhields, ſtep we aſide.

Enter Simplicitie in bare blacke, like a poore Citizen.

Wil. He will eate them I thinke, for he gapes verie wide.
Wea. Say nothing to him, and ye ſhal ſee the foole goe by.
Wil. Sirra, gape not ſo wide for feare of a flie.
Simp. Fly, ſlam flurt: why? Can a flie doo hurt?
Wit. Yea, haue ye not heard that the fly hath her ſpleene
And the Ant her gall?
Sim. My Vncle hath ſo I weene, for its an angrie old fellow
When his gall runs ouer: children good day,
Whoſe pretie lads are you three?
Wit. Three, are ye ſure?
Sim. Ile not ſweare till I haue told you: one, two, three.
Wil. I beſhrew thee.
Sim. Nee boy, why? I am beſhrewed already, for I am maried.
Wea. Then thou haſt a wife?
Sim. Yea, I would thou haddſt her, if thou couldſt ſtay her tongue,
Wea. I thy wife man? Why, I am too yoong.
Sim. And I am too old, but in good ernest good boies, be not angry, that I cal you boies, for ye are no men yet, ye haue no beardes
And yet I haue ſeene boies angrie for being called boies:
Forſooth they would be called youths: wel, yet a boy is a boy
And a youth is a youth: wel, if ye be not aſhamed of the boy,
Good boyes, whoſe boyes are ye?
VVit. No whit aſhamed ſir of that that we are, nor aſhamed at all of thoſe whom we ſerue, for boyes we be, and as we be, we ſerue the three Lordes of London, to weet, pollicie, pompe, and pleaſure.
Sim. A pretie ſpoken Child and of a prety wit.
VVil VVit's his name indeed, are ye one of his Godfathers, yee hit it ſo right?

Sim. It

Sim. It is more then I know, then is thy name wit boy? How of mine honestie welcome, for I haue wanted thee a great while.

VVit. Welcome sir, how so? why do ye entertaine me so kindly? I cannot dwell with you for I haue a maister already.

Sim. So haue I too, but she learnes me litle wit: my wife I mean Well, al this while I stand heere my wares are not abroad, and so I may loose both my customers and market.

VVea. Wares sir, haue ye wares? what wares do ye sell?

Sim. Truely Child, I sel Ballades: soft, whose wares are these that are vp already? I paid rent for my standing, and other folkes wares shall be placed afore mine, this is wise indeed.

VVit. O, the finenes of the wares (man) deserue to haue good place.

Sim. They are fine indeed, who sels them, can ye tell? Is he frée?

VVit. Our maisters be, we wait on this ware, and yet we are no chapmen.

Sim. Chapmen, no that's true, for you are no men, neither Chapmen nor chopmen, nor chipmen nor chipmen, but if ye be chappers, choppers or chippers, ye are but chapboyes, and chapboyes ye are double.

VVil. Double, how is it? Teach me that and you wil make me laugh a litle.

VVea. And me a litle.

VVit. And me a litle.

Sim. Then your three litle laughes will make one great laugh.

VVit. True, for if three fooles were one foole, that were a great foole. But how are we double chapboies? Point to Simplicity.

Sim. Because ye haue two chaps, an vpper chap and a nether chap.

wil. Ha, ha, ha.

wit. Ha, ha, ha.

wea. Ha, ha, ha.

simp. You said you would laugh but a litle, but you laugh a great deale, why doo ye laugh so much?

wil. Because your wit was so great in expounding your meaning

sim. Yee, you may see it is a good thing to haue wit.

wit. I thanke you sir.

wea. And what say you to wealth?

sim. wealth? Marie wealth is better.

wea. I thanke you sir.

wil. And how say ye to wil?

Sim. Indeed, good will is a great matter,

wil. Yea betweene a maid and a bacheler.

Sim. Why? you are not in loue boy?

Wil. yes but I am, and in charity too.

Sim. Charitie? alas poore child, thou in charitie, ha, ha, now must I laugh.

wit. But you laugh a great while, and you laugh verie loud,

Sim. Then I ow you nothing for laughing, & you hear me the better

Wea. But now laugh not we.

Sim. No, you may be maddle, coddle: wel heres three passing fine lads, if a man were able to keep them all: let me see wealth, oh that's a sweet lad: then wit, oh that's a fine lad: Wil, oh that's a pretie lad. Wil, wit, and wealth, God send ye health. I would I could guile their maisters of two of them. If I had Fraud here that serued Lady Lucre, he would teach me: he would teach me to tice one of them from his maister: which of them now, if a man should steale one? wil? Nay, I care not for wil outsep he be good wil: VVit, a pretie child, but a man can not liue by wit: wealth, yea marie sir, I would I could win that wealth, for then I need neither wil, nor wit, nor I need sell no Ballads but liue like a mouse in a mill and haue another to grinde my meale for me, Ile haue a fling at one of them anone.

Wea. Do you not forget your selfe gaffar.

wit. Haue you not wares to sell gaffar?

wil. When doo you show gaffar?

Sim. Well remembred pretie lads, ye may see, children can teach old folks, I am an vnthrift indeed: wel, my wares shall out now. But sirs, how sell ye your wares, how many of these for a groat?

wea. Our wares are not to be sold.

sim. Not for siluer nor gold: why hang they then in the open market?

wil. To be seene, not bought.

Sim. Then they are like ripe plummes vpon a rich mans tree that set mens teeth a watering when they be not to bee bought: but what call ye these things?

wit. Scutchions.

Sim: Cushens, alas it were pittie to sit on such fine cushens: but come my boies if you'll buy any of my wares, her's my Stall, and Ile open and show strait.

VVea. What daintie fine Ballad haue you now to be sold?

Sim. Marie

Sim. Marie child, I haue chipping Norton a mile from Chappell o the heath, A lamentable ballad of burning the Popes dog: The swéet Ballade of the Lincoln-shire bagpipes, And Peggy and Willy, But now he is dead and gone: Mine own sweet Willy is laid in his graue la, la la, lan ti dan derry, dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry, dan do.

Wit. It is a dolefull discourse, and sung as dolefully.

Sim. Why, you can not mend it, can ye?

Wit What wil you lay on that? For I my selfe dare lay six groats to six of your balde Ballades, that you your selfe shall say I sing better than you.

Sim. What a brag boy is this to comparison with a man, but boy boy, I will not lay six Ballades to six groates, but I will lay six Ballades to six ierkes at your buttockes, that you shall not sing so well as I.

Wit. That I shall not? No, possible you wil not let me sing.

Sim. I not let you? Is that spoken like wit? It is spoken like a Woodcocke, how can I stay thee if thou wilt sing out thy throat?

Wit. Well then, to our bargaine, six Ballades to six stripes, and who shall keepe stakes?

Sim. Neither of your companions, for that's alke my fellow if I be a thaefe.

Wil. Will you keepe the stakes your selfe?

Sim. Best of all, for I meane plainely and will pay if I loose, her's my six Ballades, they bee ready: now how shall I come by your fire stripes boy?

Wit. Downe with your breches, Ile fetch a rod and deliuer them straight.

Sim. Nay then I care not if thou keepe stakes.

Wit. You speak too late gaffar, hauing challenged prebeminence.

Sim. Then let's lay no wager but sing for good fellowship.

Wit. Agreed, who shall begin?

Sim. O boy, who is the elder? Hast thou not heard giue Flounders to thy elder?

Wit. You mistake the fish, trust me I am sure tis giue place, but begin with good grace.

Here simp. sings first, and Wit after, dialoguewise, both to musicke if ye will.

Wit. Now sirs, which singes best?

Sim. Tuſh, your copeſmates ſhal not iudge: friend, what ſay you, which of vs ſings beſt? to one of the auditory.

wil. To ſay trueth, ther's but bad choice,
How wil you ſel the ballad you ſang, for Ile not buy the voice.

Sim. Why wilt thou not buy my voice?

wil. Becauſe it wil coſt me more money to buy ſallet oile to keep it ſo ruſting, than it is worth: but I pray ye honeſt man, what's this?

Sim. Read and thou ſhalt ſee.

wil. I cannot read.

Sim. Not read & brought vp in London, wentſt thou neuer to ſchole

wil. Yes, but I would not learn.

Sim. Thou wart the more fole: if thou cannot read Ile tel thée, this is Tarltons picture: didſt thou neuer know Tarlton?

Wil. No: what was that Tarlton? I neuer knew him.

Sim. What was he: a prentice in his youth of this honorable city, God be with him: when he was yoong he was leaning to the trade that my wife vſeth nowe, and I haue vſed, vide lice ſhirt, water-bearing: I wis he hath toſt a Tankard in Cornehil er nowe, if thou knewſt him not I wil not cal thée ingram, but if thou knewſt not him, thou knewſt no body: I warrant her's two crackropes knew him.

Wit. I dwelt with him.

Sim. Didſt thou? now giue me thy hand, I loue thée the better.

Wil. And I to ſometime.

Sim. you child, did you dwel with him ſometime?
wit dwelt with him indeed, as appeared by his rime,
And ſerued him well, and wil was with him now & than, but ſoft, thy name is wealth, I think in earneſt he was litle acquainted with thee
O it was a fine fellow as ere was borne,
there will neuer come his like while the earth can corne:
O paſſing fine Tarlton I would thou hadſt lived yet.

Wea. He might haue come, but thou ſhowſt ſmal wit,
there is no ſuch finenes in the picture that I ſee.

Sim. And thou art no Cinque Port man, thou art not wit-free,
the finenes was within, for without he was plaine,
But it was the merrieſt fellow and had ſuch ieſtes in ſtore,
that if thou hadſt ſeene him, thou wouldſt haue laughed thy hart ſore.

Weal. Becauſe of thy praiſe, what's the price of the picture.

Sim. Ile

sim. Ile tell thee my lad, come hether, if thou wilt be ruled by me thou shalt pay nothing. Ile giue it thée, if thou wilt dwell with mee, and I promise thee this counsell is for thy prefarming, hadst not thou better serue a free man of the Citie, and learne a trade to line another day, than to be a seruing boy in thy youth and to haue no occupation in thine age, I can make thee free if thou wilt be my prentice.

wea. Why, wealth is free euery where, what nód I serue you? My Lord is a freeman if that may doo me good.

sim. I cry ye mercy M. boy, then your maister is frée of the lords company and you serue him that ye may be a Lord when ye come out of your yeares.

wit. Wealth is a proud boy, gaffar what say you to mée?

sim. Thy name is wit, wilt thou dwell with me?

wit. If I like your name and science, perchance wee'll agree

simp. Nay, my name & mine honestie is al one, it is wel knowen he's a very fole that cannot beguile me, for my name is simplicity.

Wil. Coads gaffar wer not you a meal-man once and dwelt with (Lady Conscience?

sim. Yes, for want of a better.

wil. What, a better man?

sim. No, for want of a better mistresse, she was as very a fole as I We dwelt so long together that we went both on begging.

Wit. Indeed they that vse a good conscience cannot lodainly be rich, But Ile not dwel with ye, you are to simple a maister for me.

Wil. Nor Ile not dwell with you for all this worlds treasure.

sim. No, why whom serue you Wil?

Wil. I serue my Lord pleasure.

sim. And whom serue you wit?

Wit. I serue my Lord pollicie.

simp. And whom serue you wealth?

wea. I serue my Lord pompe.

sim. You should be serued al with my Lord Birchley if you wer wel serued, these lads are so lordly that louts care not for them: for wealth serues Pomp, Wit serues pollicy, and wil serues pleasure. welth, wil you buy this picture for your Lord? Shew Tarltons picture,

wea. No, it's to base a Present for pomp.

Wit. And pollicy seldom regardes such a trifle.

Wil. Come on gaffar, come on, I must be your best chapman,

Ile buy it for pleaſure, hold, there is a groat.
ſim. Gramercie good wil, my wife ſhal loue thee ſtill,
And ſince I can neither get Wit nor wealth,
Let my wife haue her wil, and let me haue my health.
God forgiue me, I thinke I neuer name her, but it coniures her, look where ſhe comes, be mannerly boies that ſhe knocke ye not with her ſtaffe: keepe your owne counſell, and Ile make ye laugh.
What doo yee lacke, what lacke ye.
Stand away theſe boies from my wares,
Get ye from my ſtall, or Ile wring you by the eares.
Let my cuſtomers ſee the wares: what lack ye what would ye haue bought.

Enter painfull Penurie, attired like a waterbearing woman with her Tankard.

Pen. You haue cuſtomers inow and if they were ought,
What do ye with theſe boies here to filtch away your ware?
You ſhow all your wit, you'il ne'er haue more care.
Wil. Content ye good wife, we doo not filtch, but buy.
Pen. I meant not you, yoong maiſter, Gods bleſſing on your heart
You haue bought indeed ſir I ſee, for your part.
Be theſe two yoong Gentlemen of your companie,
Buy Gentlemen, buy ballads to make your friends merrie.
wit. To ſtand long with your burden, me thinks you ſhuld be weary
Pen. True Gentlemen, but you may ſee poore painful penury
Is faine to carry theſe Tankerds for a penie.
But husband I ſay, come not home to dinner, its Ember day,
You muſt eate nothing till night, but faſt and pray.
I ſhall loose my draught at Conduit, and therefore Ile away.
Yoong Gentlemen God be with ye.
ſim. Wife, muſt I not dine to day?
Pen. No ſir by my fay. Exit Penurie.
ſim. If I muſt not eat, I meane to drinke the more,
What I ſpare in bread, in ale Ile ſet on the ſkore.
How ſay ye my lads? And doo I not ſpeake wiſely?
Wit. Me thinks ye doo, and it's pity, that ſimplicity
Hath gotten to his wife plaine painfull Penury.
ſim. Yea, I thanke God though ſhe be poore and ſcarſe cleanly,
yet ſhe is homely, careful and comely.

One call

One cal within. Wit, wealth and wil, come to your Lords quickly?
wil. Must the Scutchions hang still?
One within. yea, let them alone.
wit. Farewel Maister simplicity. Exeunt.
sim. Farewel good M. boies ene hartily, ene hartily, hartily.
And heare ye wil, I thanke you for your hansel truly.
Pretty lads, heark ye sirs how? wil, wit, wealth.

Enter VVit.

wit. What's the matter you call vs backe so sodainly.
sim. I forgot to aske you whither your three Lords of London be courtiers or Cittiners?
wit. Citizens borne and courtiers brought vp: Is this all? Farewell. Exit.
sim. Citizens borne and Courtiers brought vp, I thinke so, for they that be borne in London are halfe Courtiers before they see the Court, for finesse and manerlinesse of passing, my maners and misbehauiour is mended halfe in halfe since I gaue ouer being a meal-man and came to dwell in London: ye may see Time dooth much, Time weares out yron horshooes: Time teares out millstones: Time seasons a pudding well, and Time hath made mee a free man, as free to beare water and sell Ballades, as the best of our copulation: I would haue thought once my horse should haue bene free as soon as my selfe, and sooner too, for he would haue stombled with a sacke of meale and lien along in the channell with it when hee had done, and that some cals fredome, but it's but a durtie fredome, but ye may see, bad horses were but iades in those dates: But soft, here comes customers: What lacke ye, what is't ye lack, what lacke ye? Come along and buy nothing: fine Ballades, new Ballades, what lack ye?

Enter Nemo and the three Lordes.

Ne. My Lordes come on, what suits haue you to me?
Pol. Renowmed Nemo, the most onelie one
That drawes no breath but of th'eternal aire,
That knowest our suit before we bound to speak,
For thou art the very Oracle of thoughts:
Whose vertues doo encompasse thee about,
As th'aire surroundes this massie globe of earth.

Who hast in power what euer pleaseth thee,
And canst bestow much more than we may craue,
To thee we seeke, to thée on knees we sue,
That thou wilt deigne from thraldom to release,
Those lonely Dames, that London Ladies are.
Ne. What, those thrée caitiefs long agoe condemn'd
Loue, Lucre, Conscience, wel deseruing death,
Being corrupt with all contagion:
The spotted Ladies of that stately towne.
pom. Loue, Lucre, Conscience we of thée desire,
Which in thy self hast all perfection,
Accomplished with all integritie:
And needest no helpe to doe what pleaseth thee,
Who holdest Fame and Fortune both thy slaues,
And doest compell the Destinies draw the coatch:
To thée we sue, sith power thou hast thereto,
To set those Ladies at their libertie.
plea. At libertie, thou spotlesse Magistrate,
That of the cause doest carie all regard,
Careless of bribes, of birth and parentage,
Because thy selfe art only borne to bliss,
Bless vs so much that Lordes of London are,
That those thrée Ladies borne and bred with vs
Pay by our suites, release of thraldome sind.
Ne. Release my Lords? why seeke ye their relase?
That haue perpetuall prison for their doome.
pol. But Nemo can from thence redéme them all.
Ne. Their deeds were cause, not Nemo of their thral.
Pom. Yet Nemo was the Iudge that sentence gaue.
Ne. But Nemo neuer spill'd, whom he could saue:
plea. Thou from perpetuall prison maist reuoke.
Pol. Death hath no power gainst him to strike a strok
Pom. Thou onlie milde and curteous sir, vouchsafe
To graunt our suit, and set those Ladies free.
Ne. What's your purpose in this earnest suit?
Plea. To marie them, and make them honest wiues.
Ne. But may it be that men of your regard,
Lords of such fortune, and so famous place,

Will linke your selues with Ladies so forlorne,
And so diffeined with more then common crimes?
Pol. Mariage doth make amends for many a miss.
Pom. And loue doth couer heaps of cumbrous euils.
plea. And doth forget the faults that were before.
Ne. Meane as you say, ye needs to say no more.
pol. In token that we meane what we haue said,
Lo here our shields the prizes of our loue:
To challenge all except thy selfe that dare
Denie those Ladies to be ours by right.
Ne. Woo them e'win them, win them & wear the to,
I shal both comfort and discourage you my Lords,
The comfort's this, of all those former crimes
Wher with the world was wont those dames to charge
I haue them clér'd and made them all as free
As they were borne: no blemish left to sée.
But the discourage (gentle Lords) is this,
The time of their indurance hath bene long,
Whereby their cloathes of cost and curious stuffe
Are worne to rags, and giue them much disgrace.
Pom. Alas good Ladies, was there none that sued
For their release, before we tok't in hande
Ne. Yes, diuers for fair Lucre sought release,
And some for Loue would faine haue paid the fées,
But fillie Conscience sat without regard,
In Sorrowes dungeon, sighing by her selfe:
Which when I saw that some did sue for Loue,
And most for Lucre, none for Conscience:
A vow I made, which now I shall perfourme,
Til some should sue to haue release for all,
Judg'd as they were, they should remaine in thrall:
But you that craue their fréedomes all at once
Shal haue your suit, and se them here ere long.
A litle while you must haue patience,
And leaue this place: go in my Lordes before.
Pom. Becommeth vs to waite on Nemo still,
Ne. Not so: but Lordings, one condition more
You promise me, sith they are in my power,

I shall dispose them when they are releas'd
Upon you three, as I shall thinke it best.

Pom. Doe but commaund and we shall all subscribe.

Ne. Then goe your ways, for I haue here to do. Exeunt 3. Lords

Enter Sorrow.

Sorrow draw neere, to morrow bring thou forth
Loue, Lucre, Conscience, whom thou hast in thrall,
Vpon these stones to sit, and take the aire,
But set no watch or spyall what they doo. Exeunt ambo.

Enter Fraud, Vsurie, Dissimulation, Simony and Simplicity.

Frau. How happie may we call this merie day my mates,
Wherein we meet, that once were desperate, I thinke, euer to haue
seene one another, when Nemo that vpright Iudge had by impriso-
ning our Mistresses, banished vs (by setting such diligēt watch for vs)
out of London, and almost out of the world. But liue we yet? And
are we met? and neere our old seat? Vsury is it thou? Let me see, or
hath some other stolne thy face? Speakest thou man?

Vsu. No Fraud, though many haue counterfeited both thee & me,
We are our selues yet, and no changlings I see:
And why shouldst thou aske me man if I liue:
The silly Asse can not feed on harder forrage than vsurie,
She vpon thistles, and I vpon a browne crust of a moneth old.

simp. So that Vsury and an asse are two of the profitablest beasts
that a man can keepe, yet th'one hath sharper teeth than th'other.

Frau. But what meanes Dissimulation? He droopes me thinks,
What cheere man? Why cousen, frolick a fit, art thou not glad of this
meeting? What's the cause of thy melancholy?

Dis. Not melancholike, but musing how it comes to passe that
we are thus fortunate to meet as we doo.

simo. Ile tell thee why we met, because we are no mountaines.

simp. But ye are as ill, for ye are monsters.

simo. And men may meete though mountaines cannot.

Frau. In token that this meeting is ioyfull to vs all,
Let vs embrace altogether with harts ioy and affection.

simp. I see many of these old prouerbes prooue true, tis merrie
when knaues meet:

Frau. How

Frau. How sir, whats that?

Sim. If a man had a casting net, he might catch all you?

Frau. Art not thou Simplicity?

Simp. Goodman Simp. for I am maried, & it like your maistership, And you are mast. Fraud to, a pox on your worship.
I see, a fox and a false knaue haue all one luck, the better for banning, And many of you crafty knaues liue merilyer than we honest men.

Frau. Sirra, bridle your tongue if you'il be welcom to our company No girdes nor old grudges, but congratulate this meeting.
And sirs, if you say it, let's tel how we haue liued since our parting.

simp. O it is great pity.

Vsu. What? to tell how we haue liued?

simp. No, that ye do liue.

Frau. Yet againe sirra. Vsury, as for thee it were folly to aske, for thou liuest but to wel, but Disimulation and simony, how haue you two liued? discourse I pray you hartily.

simp. Faith euen like two mice in an amberie that eat vp all the meat, and when they haue done, gnaw holes in the cupboard.

Dis. Fraud, after my scaping away at the Sessions whers I shifted as thou knowest in three sundry shapes, one of a Frier, and they can dissemble: another like a woman, and they doo litle else: the third as a Saint and a Deuill, and so is a woman. I was banished out of London by Nemo, to the countrie went I, amongst my olde friendes and neuer better loued than among the russet coates: once in a moneth I stole in othe market day to Leaden-hall and about, and sometime to VVestminster hall. Now hearing some speach, that the Ladies should be sued for, for I ame come in hope of my old intertainment, supposing my selfe not knowen of many, and hoping the three Lords wil preuaile in their suit, and I to serue one of them.

simp. He shall doo well that giues thee a coat, but he should do better, that could take of thy skinne.

simo. And I haue bene a traueller abroad in other realms, for here I am so cried out against by preachers (and yet some ministers that be none, could be content to vse me) that I was glad to be gone nowe in some other lendes, and not verie far of, I am secretly fostered, saeing in Scotland, and the low Countries, they are retourned, they can not abide me. Wel now and then hither I came stealing ouer sea, and hearing as you here intend as you doo.

Frau. And for mine owne part, amongst artificers and amongst a few bad conscienced Lawyers, I haue found such entertainment, as doeth passe, yet would I with Lucre faine be as I was.

Simp. Fraud is as ill as a cut-purse, by the masse.

Vsu. And for Vsury, the longer I liue, the greater loue I find Yet would I be with Lucre, again to please my mind.

Frau. Heer's a good fellow too, one of our acquaintance, how hast thou liued Simplicity?

Simp. Poore honestly then all the rest of thy company: for when I might beg no longer, as begging was but bad, for you cosen'd me once of an alms, I fel to tankard bearing, & so got a wife of the same science, painful penury, then got I my freedom, and feeling my shoulder grow wearie of the tankard, set vp an easier trade to sel ballads.

Frau. Hadst thou a stock to set vp withal?

Simp. Wise inough to tell you, I, & yonder's my stal, but beware I loose nothing, for if I do, Ile lay it straight to some of you, for I saw none so like theeues I promise you, since I set vp.

Frau. Ye are a wiseman when your nose is in the cup, but soft who comes here? stay wee close aside, for these be the three Ladies for my life brought out of prison by their keper, let vs be whist and we shall heare and see all, Sirra you must say nothing.

Enter Sorrow and the three Ladies, he sets them on three stones on the stage.

Simp. not til ye speak for I am affraid of him that's with ye women.

Con. O Sorrow when? when sorrow wilt thou cease
To blow the sparke that burnes my troubled soule?
To feede the worme that stings my fainting breast,
And sharp the steele that goares my dieng heart?
My thoughtes are thornes, my teares hot drops of lead,
I plaine, I pine, I die, yet neuer dead.
If world would end, my woe should but begin,
Loe, this the case of Conscience for her sin:
And sin the food wherewith my worme was fed,
That stings me now to death, yet neuer dead.

Loue. Yet neuer dead, and yet Loue doeth not liue,
Loue that to loose in life her follie lent,
Folly the food whereon her frailtie fed,
Frailtie the milke that Natures breast did giue,

Life, loſſe and follie, frailtie, ſoode and kinde,
Wrome, ſting, thornes, fire and torment to the mind,
Life but a breath, and follie but a flower,
Frailtie claie, duſt the foode, that fancie ſcornes,
Loue a ſwect bait to conuer loſſes ſower.
Fleſh breedes the fire that kindles luſtfull thornes,
Luſt, fire, bait, ſcorne, duſt, flower, and feeble breath
Die, quench, deceine, flis, fade, and yeeld to death,
To death? O good, if death might finiſh all,
We dis each day, and yet for death we cal.

Lucre. For death we call, yet death is ill in ſight,
Lucre doth ſcald in drops of melting gold,
Accuſing Luſt, cals on eternal might,
Where flames conſume, and yet we fraze with cold:
Sorrow addes Sulphur vnto Furies heat,
And chops them yee, whoſe chattering teeth do beat,
But ſulphur, ſnow, flame, froſt nor hideous crieng
Can caule them die, that euer are in dying,
Nor make the paine diminiſh or increaſe,
Sorrow is ſlacke, and yet wil neuer ceaſe.

Sor. When Sorrow ceaſeth, Shame ſhal then begin,
With thoſe that wallow ſenceleſſe in their ſin:
But Ladies I haue drawen you from my Den,
To open aire to mittigate ſome mone.
Conſcience, ſit downe vpon that ſweating ſtone,
And let that Flint (loue) ſerue thee for a ſeate,
And Ladie Lucre, on that ſtone reſt you,
And Ladies thus I leaue you here alone,
Mourne ye, but moane not. I ſhal abſent be,
Yet good it were ſometime to thinke on me. Exit

Con. Comfort it is to thinke on Sorrow paſt.

Loue. Sorrow remaines when ioy is but a blaſt.

Luc. A blaſt of wind is worldes felicitie.

Con. A blaſting wind and full of miſerie.

Loue. O Conſcience, thou haſt moſt tormented me.

Luc. We hath thy worm O Conſcience, ſtong to deep.

Con. But more my ſelfe my thoughtes tormented haue
Than both of you in ſorrowes ſullen caue.

From whence drawen forth I find but litle rest,
A seat vneasie, wet, and scalding hot,
On this hard stone hath sorrow me assignde,
Loue. and on my seat my selfe I frozen find.
No flint more harde, no yce more cold then this.
Lucre. I think my seat some mineral stone to be.
I cold from it, it drawes heat from me.
Ladies consent, and we our seates will view.
Con. Dare we for shame our stained faces shew.
Loue. My double face is single growen agaiue.
Lucre. My spots are gone, my skin is smooth and plain.
Con, Doffe we our veiles and greet this gladsom light.
The chaser of glome sorrowes beaute might.
Loue. Haile cheerful aire and clearest christal skie.
Lucre. Haile shining sunne and fairest firmament,
Comfort to those that time in woe haue spent.
Con. Vpon my weeping stone is set remorse in brazen
Loue. And on this Flint in lead is Charity. (letters.
Lucre. In golden letters on my stone is Care.
Con. Then Lucre sits vpon the stone of care.
Lucre, And Conscience on the Marble of remorse.
Loue. Loue on the flint of frozen Charitie,
Ladies alas, what tattered soules are we?
Con. Sorrow our hearts, & time our cloaths hath torn
Lucre, Then sit we down like silly soules forlorne,
And hide our faces that we be not knowen,
For Sorrowes plagues tormented me no more,
Than wil their sight that knew me heretofore.
Loue. then wil their sight that knew vs heretofore
Draw ruth and help from them for our relieke:
Con. For our relieke: for Conscience and for Loue,
No help, smal ruth that our distresse may moue:
Loue, O Conscience thou wouldst lead me to dispaire,
But that I see the way to hope is faire,
And Hope to heauen directs a readie way,
And heauen to help is prest, to them that pray.
Lucre, That pray with faith, and with vnfain'd remorse
For true beleefe and teares make praier of force:

Con, then

Con. Then deile our selues, and silent let vs stay,
till heauens shall please to send some friends this way: Sit all down.
Frau. Ladies vnmask'd, blush not for base attire,
Here are none but friends and seruants all, deer Lady Lucre,
Dearer vnto vs than daily breath we draw from sweetest aire:
Dearer then life, dearer then heauen it selfe,
Deigne to discouer those alluring lampes,
Those louely eies more cleare than Venus Star,
Whose bright aspectes worlds wonder do produce,
Vnueile I say that beauty more diuine,
than Nature (saue in thée) did euer paint:
that we sworne slaues vnto our mistresse, may
Once more behold those stately louely lookes,
And do those duties which vs wel beseemes,
Such duties as we all desire to dee.
Con. I know that tongue Lucre, beware of Fraud.
Luc. Of Fraud? Indéed by spéech it should be he. Fra. what séekest thou
Frau. Lucre, to honor thée with wit, with worth, with life, with al I
haue, to be thy seruant as I was before,
to get thée cloathes, and what thou wanteest els.
Lucre. No Fraud, fare well, I must be wonne no more,
to keepe such seruants as I kept before.
Simo. Swéet Lady Lucre, me thou maiest accept.
Lucre. How art thou called?
Simo. Simon.
Lucre. I? No, sir, Conscience saith.
Con. No Lucre, now beware, false not thy faith,
For Simoni's subiect to perpetuall curse.
Dis. As you two haue sped, I would desire to spéd no worse.
Frau. Make you a suit, you may chance to spéd better:
Dis. Not I, for of al, my tongue is best knowen,
But if I speak, it shal be to her that was once mine owne:
Good Ladie Loue, thou litle knowest the griefs
that I thy friend sustaine for thy distresse,
And lesse beleeuest what care I haue of thée:
Looke vp good Loue, and to supply thy wants,
Aske what thou wilt, and thou shalt haue of me,
Of me that for more in thy libertie,

Than in this life our light that comforts me.

Loue. O gall in hunnie, serpent in the grasse,
O bifold fountaine of two bitter streames,
Dissimulation fed with Vipers flesh,
Whose words are oyle, whose deedes the dartes of death:
Thy tongue I know, that tongue that me begull'd,
Thy selfe a Deuil, madest me a Monster vild.
From thee well knowne, well may I blesse my selfe,
Deere bought repentance bids me shun thy snare.

Con. O happie Loue, if now thou can beware.

Simp Marie, but heare ye motley-beard, I think this blindfold buzzardly hedge-wench spoke to ye, she knowes ys though she see ye not, harke ye, you women, if you'll go to the alehouse, Ile bestow two pots on ye, and we'll get a paire of Cardes and some company, and winne twenty pots more, for you play the best at a game call'd smelling of the foure knaues that euer I saw.

Vsu. Foure? soft, yet they haue not smelt thee.

Simp. No, I am one more than is in the deck, but you'll bee smeld as sone as ye begin to speake. Ile see what they'll say to me. hear ye you women, wines, widdowes, maides, mens daughters, What shall I cal ye these foure fellowes (hark ye, shal I cal ye crafty knaues) make me beleeue that you are the three that were the three faire Ladies of London.

Con. Gentle Simplicity we are vnhappy they.

Sim Now ye bad fellowes, which of ye bad such a word as gentle sim:

Vsu. Bad fellowes yee Rascalls? If ere you bring me pawne Ile pinch yee for that word.

Sim. I cry you mercie M. Iniurie, M. vsurie I meant not you,

Fren If you meane vs, we may be euen with yee too.

Simp. Tut, I know you an Ostler, and a theefe beside,
you haue rub'd my horse hælsers now for al your pride: but Ladies, if ye be the three ladies which of ye dwelt in Kent street: one of ye dib, but I know not which is she, ye looke all so like broome-wenches, I was once her seruãt, Ile neere be ashamed of her though I be rich. & I she be poore, yet I. She that hath bene my Dame, or he that hath bin my master come in place. Ile speak to the sure, ile do my duty, which is Lady Conse?

Con Euen I am the Simplicity.

Sim. I am glad ye are out of prison, I thought ye had forgot me,

I went a begging from you til the bedles snapt me vp, now I am free and keepe a stall of Ballades, I may buy and sell, I would you had as good a gown now as I carried once of yours to pawn to Vsury here.

Con. Gramercy god Simp. wilt thou be with me now?

simp. No I thank you hartily, Ile beg no more, I can not be with ye though I would for I am maried to painful penury: Looke now my proud stately maisters, I may if I wil, e you would if ye might.

Frau. No, not dwel with such a beggar as Conscience.

simp. No, Fraud here loued Conscience since he was an Ostler.

Vsu. Who cares for Conscience but dies a begger?

sim. What wil not Vsury do, he wil first take 3. score pound in the hundred.

Dis. loue, looke on me and I will giue thee cloathes.

loue. I will no more by thee be so disguised.

simp. Ye doe the wiser, for his face looks like a cloakbacke:

Dis. In thy affections I had once a place:

loue. Those fond affections wrought me foule disgrace,

Dis. Ile make amends, if ought amisse were done:

loue. Who once are burn'd, the fire will euer shun.

Dis. And yet once burn'd to warme againe may proue:

loue. Not at thy fire, I will be perfect loue?

simp. I promise you the wenches haue learn'd to answer wittily, Yet's many faire proffers to Lucre, and loue.

But who cloaths poore Conscience, she may sit long inough:

Vsu. I wil cloath her straight: Vsurie takes Frauds cloak, & casts it on

simp Wil you maister Vsurie, that's honestly spoke. Consc.

Ha, that's no gramercie to cloath her with another mans cloake,

But I see you haue a craft in the dwing M. Vsury,

Vsury couers Conscience with Frauds cloake verie cunningly.

Con. Alas who loades my shoulders with this heauie weed,

Fy, how it stinks, this is perfum'd indeed,

Fra. Marie geppe goody Conscience, indeed I do you wrong,

But Ile quickly right it, my cloake shal not cember you long.

Vsu. All this while Lucre knowes not I am here,

But now wil I to her, marke how I speed.

Lady, the faire st that Nature euer fourmed,

Lodestone of Loue, that drawes affections darkes.

The only obiect to all humaine eies,

And sole desired Daintie of the world,
thy Vassall here, a vertue in thy neede
Whom thou by license of the law maist vse,
tenders himselfe, and all his services
to doe thy will in duetie as to foe,
Glad of thy freedome as his proper life.

Simp. Lady Lucre, you loue an apple, take heede the Caterpiller consume not your fruit.

Lucre. Why who is it that maketh this latest suit?

Simp. Tis vsurie. aloud in her eare.

Lucre. Great is the seruice he hath done for me,
But Vsury now I may not deale with thee.

Vsu. the Law allowes me Madam, in some sort.

Con. But God and I would haue thy boundes cut short.

Vsu. For you I recke not, but if God me hate,
Why doth the Law allow me in some rate?

Con. Vsury slanders both Law and state,
the Law allowes not though it tollerate,
And thou art sure be shut out at heauen gate.

Vsu. You were euer nice, no matter what you prate:

Simp. Then it will be with him as it is at a great mans house in dinner time: he that knockes when the doore is shut comes too late.

Lucre. Well Vsurie, Fraud, and Simony
Dissimulation hearken vnto me,
My tongue (although in memorie it be greene)
Cannot declare what horrors I haue seene,
Ne can it enter into mortall eares
Vnmortified: the furies, fires and feares,
the shrikes, the grones, the tortures and the paines,
that any soule for each of you sustaines.
No pen can write, how Conscience hath me scourg'd,
When with your faults my soule she euer vrg'd:
Arithmeticke doth faile to number all,
the plagues of sorrow in the Den of thrall:
then tempt me not, nor trouble me no more,
I must not vse you as I did before,
If you be found within faire Londons gate,
You must to prison, whence we came of late.

Conscience

Conscience will accuse ye if ye be in sight.
Frau. That scuruie Conscience works vs all the spight?

Enter Nemo,

Vsu. Mel Lucre, yet in thée we haue delight.
Dis. Yonder come some, we must take our flight. Exeunt omnes
Simp. Birdes of a fether wil flie together, but when they be taken then are they baken, yonder comes a customer, Ile to my stall: Loue, Lucre, and Conscience, blindman buffe to you all.
Ne. Conscience, Loue, Lucre, Ladies al what chéere
How do ye like the seates you sit vpon.
Con. O pure vnspotted Nemo sole paragon,
Of Loue, of Conscience and perfection,
The Marble of Remorse I sit vpon
Sweats scalding drops, like bitter drinish teares.
Ne. So should remorse when Conscience féels her gilt
But gentle Loue how féelest thou thy flint?
Loue. O sharp and cold, I fréze vnto my seat,
The Flint holds fire, and yet I féele no heat,
But am benumb'd and frozen euerie ioint:
Ne. O Loue, so cold is charitie in these times:
Lucre, how sit you?
Lu. Vpon a heauy stone, not halfe so cold, not halfe so hot as theirs,
But of some secrete power, for I do find and sensibly I féele,
That I from it exhale an earthly cold,
And it from me dooth draw a kindly heat.
Ne. Such force hath Care of Lucre in it self,
To cole the heart and draw the vital spirits,
And such the true condition of you thrée:
Remorse of Conscience, Charitie of Loue,
And Care of Lucre, such your vses be:
But Ladies now your sorrow lay aside,
Frolick faire Dames, an vnexpected good
Is imminent through me vnto you all:
Thrée Lords there be your natiue countrimen,
In London bred, as you your selues haue bene.
Which couet you for honorable wiues,
And presently wil come to visite you,

Be not abashed at your base attire,
I shall prouide you friends to dethe you all.
If I commaund, stand vp, els sit you stil. Enter the 3. Lords.
Lo, where they come: my Lordes the Dames be here.
pol, Why are they wympled? shal they not vnmaske theme.
Ne. It is for your sake, for Pollicie they doo it:
Pom. Much may their fortune and their feature be,
But what it is we cannot thus discerne.
Ne. You shall in time Lord Pomp, be yet content.
plea. Their fame is more then cause or reason would,
May one of these be pleasures paragon?
Ne. Pleasure, be pleas'd and vse no preiudice.
Madames stand vp, mislike not their attire,
That shal be mended as your selues desire.
Pol. Their port, and their proportion wel contentes.
Pom. Right stately dames, if they were wel attir'd:
Plea. May we not see their beautie what it is?
Ne. Yes Lordings yes, Lucre, lift vp thy veile.
Pol. Of beautie excellent.
Pom. Of rare perfection.
Plea. A daintie face.
Ne. Vnmaske Loue.
Pol. Sweete loue indeed.
pom. A louely face.
Plea. A gallant grace.
Ne. Conscience, vncouer.
pol. Beautie diuine.
Pom A face angelicall.
Plea. Sweet creature of the world.
Ne. Enough for once, Ladies sit downe againe:
As cunning chapmen do by curious wares, to the audience.
Which seldome showen do most inflame the mind,
So must I deale, being daintie of these Dames,
Who seldome seen shal best allure these Lords:
A while my Lords, I leaue you with these three,
Conuerse, confer on good conditions,
I will right soone returne with such good friends:
As it concernes to cloath these daintie ones.

If any in my absence bilit them,
Know their intent, and bse poor skill therein. Lxk
pol Ladies, to call to mind your former liues
Were to recount your sorrowes on a row,
Omitting then what you haue bene or bee,
What you may be Ile speak, so it please you,
Wiues to vs three, Ladies to London Lords,
pompe, Pleasure pollicie, men of such regard,
As shall you guard from euil, once matched with vs,
And Pollicie presents this good to you.
pom. With Londons Pomp may one of you be ioin'd,
Possessing more than Fortune can afoord,
Fortune's a foole, but heauenly prouidence
Guards Londons pompe, and her that shal be his:
plea. And Londons pleasure, peerles in delightes,
Will deigne to make one of these Dames his owne,
Who may with him in more contentment liue,
Than euer did the Queene of Ethiope.
Con. Though silence Lordes, our modestie inforce,
Nemo can tel the secretes of our thoughtes,
Nemo that womens minds can constant kepe,
Ye shal for vs you answere good my Lordes,
I speak for al, though il beseeming me. Enter Falshod & doub. dealing
pol. You speak but wel: My Lordes step we aside
To note these fellowes, what they do intend.
Pom. Nemo can tel, for he doth follow them. Enter Nemo.
Falsh. Ladies to you, to some of you, we come,
Sent from such friendes as much affect your good,
With garmentes, and with complements of cost
Accordant well to dames of such degree: I come to Lucre.
D. Dea. I to loue am sent with no lesse cost then could be got for coin
Which with my message I deliuer would,
Could I discerne which of these Dames were thee,
Loue. Friend, I am Loue, what bringest thou there to me?
Con. Beware good Loue, from whom and what thou takest.
Ne. No whispering friend, but shew it openly,
The matter good, you need not be ashamed:

Ne. [illegible] from them?
D.Dea. That I conceile from any but from loue,
Ne. From whom come you sir?
Falsh. That shal lucre know, and none but she.
Ne. Then speak aloud, for whispering here is barr'd.
Falsh. Then neither wil I do nor speak at al.
Ne. Then I wil speake and tel what you are both,
Thy selfe art Falshood, and art sent from Fraud,
To compasse Lucre with a cloake of craft,
With lawne of lies, and calle of golden guile.
Pol. Packe you my friend, for if you stay a while
You shal returne no more to him that sent you.
Ne. Thou from Dissimulation art sent,
And bring'st a gown of glosing, lin'd with lust,
A Vardingale of vaine boast, and fan of flatterie,
A Ruffe of riot, and a cap of pride,
And double dealing is thy name and office both.
D.Dea. Falshood, let's go, we are discipherred.
Falsh. Lucre, they loosest here a princely gift. Exeunt ambo.
Ne. lucre consumes being won by Fraud or shift,
Thus Lords you see how these are qualified,
And how these Ladies shun that sharp rebuke,
Which some deserne by taking of such toies,
As women weake are tempted some with giftes,
But here they come that must these Ladies deck.
lucre, arise, come from the stone of Care.

Enter honest Industrie, pure Zeale, & Sincerity.
ho.Indust. Fair lucre, lo what honest Industry
To thee hath brought, to decke thy daintie self,
Lucre by honest Industrie atchieu'd
Shall prosper, flourish, and continue long, Exit Lucre with ho.Industrie.
Come to thy chamber to attire thée there.
Ne. Thou maiest depart with honest Industrie.
P.Zeal. And Loue arise from Charities cold Flint,
Pure Zeale hath purchas'd roabes to couer Loue,
Whiles loue is single, Zeale shal her attire
With kind affection, mortifying lust,

Come

Come loue with me these garments to put on:
Ne. loue, follow zeal and take his ornaments. Exit Loue with p. zeale
Sincer. Rise Conscience from that Marble of Remorse,
That weeping stone that scaldes thy partched skinne,
Sincerity such roabes for thee hath brought,
As best beseemes good Conscience to adorne:
Come follow, that thou maist goe put them on,
For Conscience cloathed by sinceritie,
Is armed wel against the enemie.
Ne. Follow him Consc. feare not, thou art right. Exit Con. with Sin
pol. Most reuerend Nemo thanks for this good sight,
Iucre is cloathed by honest Industrie.
Pom. loue by pure zeale.
plea. And Conscience by sincerity.
Ne. Lordings, thus haue you séene them at the first,
And thus you sée them, trust me, at the worst,
Depart we now, come hence a day or two,
And sée them deckt as daintie Ladies should,
And make such choice as may content you al.
pol. Thanks righteous Nemo we the London Lordes
Only to thée our selues acknowledge bound. Exeunt omnes

Enter painful Penury and Simplicity.

pen. Come on gentle husband, let vs lay our heades together, our purses together, and our reckonings together, to sée whether wee win or loose, thriue or not, goe forward or backward, doe you keepe a booke or a score?

Sim. A score wife? you meane for the Alehouse, doo you not? I would haue her examine me thereof no further, for I am in to farre there, more then I would she should know.

Pen. I meane no alehouse score, but a note of your wares, let me sée, First you began to set vp with a Koiall, how much money haue ye? what ware, and what gaine?

Sim. I haue fiue shillings in money, two shillinges in wares, or thereabout, and I owe two shillings and eight pence vppon the score, how much is that? fiue shillings, two shillings, and two shillings and eight pence.

pen. That is nine shillings and eight pence, so we are worse by a

a groat then when we began, wel once again Ile set ye vp, here is foure groates I haue got by bearing water this worke, make vp your stock, and run no more behind. Who comes here?

Enter Fraud like an Artificer.

Simp. What lacke ye? What do ye lack?

Frau. Ye lacka da moonee pour de feene veris feene Franche knack da feene gold buttone, de braue bugla lace, a da feene gold ringa, you be free man, mee vn' Forriner, you buy a me ware, you gaine treno pound by lay out tene shellenga.

Sim. Wife. what hard luck haue we that cannot make x. shillings now to gain x. pound: why, x. pound would set vs vp for euer.

pen. Husband see the ware, & if ten shilling wil buy it, it shal go hard but we wil make that money: Friend, show my husband your wares

Frau. Loke you dere mastra de feene buttone de la gold, de ringa de gold, de bugla sheane, two shelleng vne dozen de buttone, vne shellenga vne Ring, tis worth x. shelleng, but mastra & matressa mee mussa make money to go ouer in my owne countrey, but mee looke teene pound pour hast to goe next tyde or to morrow.

pen. Here is fiue shillings buy them of this straunger.

simp. Friend you haue not stolne them. but you make them, well, Ile buy them i the open market, and then I care not, here is ten shillings, deliuer me the wares.

Frau. Dear mastra, oh pouer necessitee makia mee sel pour graund, graund losse, you shal gem x. pound at least, gor boye.

simp. What's your name?

Frau. Merchant, I think I am euen with ye now for calling me Dealer, you'il thriue wel with such bargaines, if ye buy, yee knowe not what, Fraud hath fitted ye with worse than your ballades.

pen. You'il warrant them gold sirra,

Frau. Wee, so good gold as you pay for: Adieu Mounsier. Exit.

simp. Adieu Mounsier: Adieu foole, sel such gold buttons & ringes for so litle money, good Lord what penniworths these strangers can afford: now wife let me see, x. pound, when we haue ten pound, we'il haue a large shop, and sell all maner of wares, and buy more of these, and get ten pound more, and then ten pound, and ten pound, and twenty pound, then thou shalt haue a taffata hat and a garded gown, and I a gown and a new cap, and a silk doublet, and a faire house.

pen I

Pen. I thanke ye husband, wel, till then looke wel to your wares, and Ile ply my waterbearing and saue and get', and get and saue till we be rich, but bring these wares home euery night with ye:

simp. Tush, I shall sel them afore night for ten pound, gow wife, gow, I may tel you I am glad this French fellowe came with these wares, we had faine to examining the Ale-shore els, and then wee had falne out, and the alewife and my wife had scolded: Wel, a man may see, he that's ordained to be rich, shal be rich: gow woman. Exeunt

Enter Nemo and the three Lordes, as though they had bene chyding.

Ne. From whence good Lordes grew this hot argument?
pol. Thou knowest alreadie, yet if thou wilt heare,
For this we strue: fond pleasure makes account
Somming his bils without an auditorie,
That Ladie Lucre ought of right be his.
plea. So I affirme, and so I wil maintaine
That pleasure ought by right Dame Lucre haue,
To beare the charge of sportes and of delightes.
pom. Nay to support the haughty magnificence
And lordly Pompe of Londons excellence,
Befits it rather Lucre sonne with me,
By whom her honor shal be most aduanced.
pol. More fit for pomp than pleasure, but most fit
That Pollicie with Lucre should be matched,
As guerdon of my studies and my cares
And high employments in the common wealth:
plea. What pleasure can be fostered without cost:
pom, What Pompe or port without respect of gaine?
pol, What pollicie without preferment liues?
ple. Pleasure must haue Lucre:
pom. pomp hath need of Lucre:
pol, pollicy merits lucre:
ple, Pleasure dies without Lucre,
pom, Pomp decaies without Lucre,
pol, pollicy droopes without lucre:
Ne, Thus Lordes you showe your imperfections:

Subiect to passions, straining honours bounds,
Be wel aduised, you promised to be rulde,
And haue those Dames, by me disposed to you,
But since I see that humaine humors oft
Makes men forgetfull of their greater good.
Be here a while, Dame lucre shal be brought
By me, to choose which Lord she liketh best,
So you allow her choice with patience. Exit.

Plea. Go, we abide thy doome til thy returne,
Pom. If lucre be not mad she wil be mine,
Pol. If she regard her good she wil be mine.
Plea. If she loue happie life, she wil be mine,
Women loue Pleasure.
pom. Women loue Pompe.
pol. Women vse Pollicie: and here she comes that must decide the doubt.

Enter Nemo with Conscience al in white.

Ne. Conscience content thee with a queint conceit,
Conceile thy name to work a speciall good,
Thou art not knowne to any of these Lordes,
By face or feature, til they heare thy name,
Which must be lucre for a fine deuice,
And Conscience cleare indeed's the greatest gaine,
Lo, Lordings here faire lucre whom ye loue:
lucre, the choice is left vnto thy selfe,
Which of these three thou wilt for husband choose.
Con. The modestie that doth our sex beseeme
Forbids my tongue therin to tell my thought,
But may it please my Lordes to pardon me,
Which of you three shall deigne to make such choice,
Him shall I answere to his owne content,
pol, If lucre please to match with Pollicie,
She shall be mistresse ouer many men.
Pom. If lucre like to match with Londons Pomp,
In stately port all others she shall passe.
plea. If pleasure may for wife faire lucre gaine,
Her life shall be an earthly Paradice.

Ne, Lo,

Ne. Lo, Lucre, men, and port, and pleſant life
Are here propounded, Which wilt thou accept?
Con. Lord pollicie, Loue were the only choice
She thinks for you, that all your cares implop
And ſtudies for the loue of common wealth,
For you Lord pleaſure, Conſcience were a wife,
To meaſure your delightes by reaſons rule,
In recreation Conſcience helpe to vſe:
plea, Were Conſcience halfe ſo ſweete as is thy ſelfe,
Her would I ſeek with ſuites and ſeruices.
Ne, No leſſe accompliſht in perfection
Is Conſcience, then this Ladie I proteſt,
plea, But on this Dame hath pleaſure fixt his hart,
And this or death the period of his loue.
Con. Lucre with pompe moſt aptly might combine
ple. Lucre, or Loue if caſe thou wilt be mine,
Let paſſe thy name, thy ſelfe doe I deſire,
Thee will I haue except thy ſelfe denie,
With thee to liue, or els for thee to die.
Ne. What if I denie?
ple. Then wil I haue her.
pol If we denie?
ple. So much the rather.
pom. The rather in deſpight of vs? Not ſo.
Ne. My Lords, no quarrell, let this Lady goe,
And if ye truſt me, Ile content ye both,
pleaſure, this is not lucre:
ple. She's Lucre vnto me: but be ſhe Loue or Conſciēce, this is ſhe.
pol. Whom you wil, haue?
ple. Spight of the Deuil, I wil.
Con, Muſt it not be my Lord if I agree?
ple. Agree.
Con. Some further proofe it fits of you to ſee:
ple, Receiue a pawn, my hart, my hand, and oth,
To be thy owne in loue, in faith, and troth.
Con. Thus you are faſt, and yet my ſelfe am free:
ple. I know in ruth thou wilt me not refuſe:
Con, I know not that, but other Ile not choole.

Ne. It is inough, Lord pleasure, do not feare,
Conscience will vse you as becomes her best.
plea. And art thou Conscience? welcommer to me than either loue or Lucre,
Con. God send grace I be,
Ne. My Lords be pleasde, ere long shal you be sped,
As much to your contents as pleasure is,
Say but the word, my selfe shall soone present
Lucre and loue, wel worthy such as you.
pol, Right thankfully these fauors we'il receiue,

Enter Diligence, in hast

Dil. My Lords, if your affaires in present be not great
Greater than any, saue regard of life,
Yea euen the greatest of the common wealth,
Prepare ye to withstand a stratagem,
Such as this Land nor London euer knew.
The Spanish forces Lordings are prepar'd,
In braueric and boast, beyond all bounds
T'inuade, to win, to conquer all this land.
They chieflie aime at Londons stately pompe,
At Londons pleasure, wealth and pollicy.
Intending to dispoile her of them all,
And ouer all those louelie Ladies three.
Loue, lucre, Conscience, peerlesse of the rarest price.
to tyrannize and carie hardest hand.
From Spain they come with Engine and intent
to slay, subdue, to triumph and torment:
My selfe (so heauen would) spiall of them had,
And Diligence, deere Lords, they call my name.
If you vouchsafe to credit my report,
You do me right, and to your selues no wrong,
Prouided, that you arme you, being warn'd,
pol. Diligence, thy seruice shall be known,
and well rewarded: Nemo, for a time
Conceale this Dame, and liue secure vnséne,
Let vs alone whom most it dooth concerne,
to meete and match our euer wéning foes.
Pom. Nemo keepe cleare, and Conscience pray for vs.

We gone and recommend vs to our God.
Con. My Lordes, if euer, show your honors now,
Those proud vsurping Spanish tyrants come,
To reaue from you what you do most regard,
to take away your credit and your fame,
to race and spoile our right renowmed towne:
And if you loue or lucre doo regard,
Or haue of Conscience any kind of care,
The world shall witnesse by this action,
And of the loue that you to vs pretend,
In this, your valour shall assurance giue:
More would I speake, but danger's in delay,
You know my mind, and heauens record my thoughtes,
When I with praiers for you will penitrate,
And will in heart be present in your fight:
Now pleasure, show what you wil doo for me.
ple. I wil be turn'd to paine for thy swæt sake.
pol. Faire Conscience feare not, but assure thy selfe
What kind affection we so euer beare
to Loue and Lucre, in this action
Chiefly for thée our seruice shall be done.
pom. For Conscience sake more than for Lucre now,
pol, For Loue and Conscięce, not dispising Lucre.
ple. Onely for Conscience will I hazard all.
Ne. And I from hence will her conuey a space,
Till you return with happy victory. Exeunt Ne. & Con.
Con. Farewel my Lords, for me my Lords, for me.
pol. Diligence, what number may there be?
Dil. A mighty hosse, and chieflie led by thée,
Who braue it out in show, as men assured
Of victorie, sauns venture, or repulse.
pol. How nère be they?
Dil. So néer my Lords, that ech delay is death,
Stand on your guard, they come as challengers,
to bruise your shieldes, and beare away your prize,
Mounting the seas, and measuring the land
With strong imaginations of successe,
pol, Wel, Diligence go get in readines

Men and munition, bid our pages plie
To see that all our furniture be wel,
Wit, Wealth and Wil to further wars be fit, Exit Dilli.
My Lords, I would I might aduise ye now,
To carrie as it were a careless regard,
Of these Castilians, and their accustomed bravado:
Lord Pomp, let nothing that's magnificall,
Or that may tend to Londons graceful state
Be vnperfourm'd. As showes and solemne feastes,
Watches in armour, triumphes, Crescet-lightes,
Bonefiers, belles, and peales of ordinance.
And pleasure, see that plaies be published,
May-games and maskes, with mirth and minstrelsie,
Pageants and school-feastes, beares, and puppit plaies,
My selfe wil muster vpon Mile-end greene,
As though we saw, and fear'd not to be seene:
Which wil their spies in such a woonder set,
To see vs recke so litle such a foe,
Whom all the world admires, sane onely we:
And we respect our sport more than his spite,
That Iohn the Spaniard wil in rage run mad,
To see vs bend like Dakes with his vain breath.

pom. In this deuice such liking I conceiue,
As London shall not lack what pomp can doe,
And well I know that worthy Citizens
Doe carie mindes so franke and bountiful,
As for their honor they will spare no cost:
Especially, to let their enemie know,
Honor in England, not in Spaine doth grow.

ple. And for the time that they in pleasure spend,
Tis limmitted to such an honest end,
Namely, for recreation of the mind,
With no great cost, yet liberall in that kind,
That pleasure vowes with all delightes he can
To doe them good, till death to be their man.

pol. Of pollicy they triall haue at large:

pom. Then let vs go and each man to his charge.

Exeunt the three Lords.

Enter

Enter Simplicity led in by Vsurie.

simp. I sir: Why alas I bought them of a stranger, an old French man for good gold, and to be worth ten pound, for so he told me, I haue good witnesse, for my owne wife was by, and lent mee part of the money.

Vsu. And what did they cost you?

Simp. Ten shillings euery penny.

Vsu. That argues you are guilty: Why? could ye buy so many rings and buttons of gold thinke ye for ten shillings? Of whome did ye buy them?

simp. Of an olde French man, the olde French disease take him.

Vsu. And where dwels that old French man?

simp. In Fraunce I thinke, for he told me he was to goe ouer the next tide, or the next day, my wife can tell as wel as I, if ye thinke I lie, for she was by.

Vsu. A good answere, he dwels in Fraunce and you dwel here, and for vttering copper for gold you are like to loose both your eares vpon the pillorie, and besides loose your freedome.

simp. Nay, if I loose my eares, I care not for my frēdome, kēpe you my frēdome, so I may kēp my eares, is there no remedy for this M. Vsury?

vsurie. None, except you can find out that old French man.

simp. Peraduenture I can, if you'il let mee go into Fraunce to seeke him:

Vsu, So we may loose you, and neuer see him, nay that may not be.

simp, You haue a good pawne there, good maister Vsury be good vnto me.

Vsu. Nay, now Ile pinch ye, you villaine, ye know how ye haue euer vsed me, but now off goes your eares at least,

Sim. Nay, good maister Vsurie take all my goodes and let me go,

Enter Fraud, Dissimulation, Simonie in canuas coates like Sailers.

Frau. What's the matter Vsurie, that this poore knaue cries so:

Simp. O Maister Fraud, speake to him to let me goe:

Frau. Fraud? Ye villaine, cal me not by my name, and ye shall see I wil speak to him to let ye goe free: Vsury, of al old fellowshipdet this

poore knaue packe, if the matter be not to hainous.

Vsu. No sir, his fault is odious, look here what stuffe hee would bee ter for gold, flat copper, & he saith, he bought them of an old frenchman.

Frau. But thou didst not sel them, didst thou?

Sim. No sir, I would haue but laid them to pawne for fiue pounds to him.

Frau. That was more than they be worth, I promise thée a foule matter, wel, thou must loose thy ware and be glad to escape, so Vsurie, at my request ye shal let the poore man goe.

Vsu. Wel, for this once I will, sirra, get ye packing, and take héde of such a peece of worke againe while ye liue.

simp. There is diuers péces of work in that ber, pray ye giue me some of my goods againe, a ring or something.

Vsu. Not an inch, and be glad ye scape as ye doe,

Simp. Alas, I am vndone, ther's al the wealth & stock I haue.

Fra. Do ye long to lose your eares, be gone ye foolish knaue.

Sim. I thanke ye Maister Fraud: Ile not goe so far, but Ile be nére to heare and sée what the meaning of these fellowes in this canuas should be, for I know Fraud, Dissimulation, and simony to be those thrée: here I think I am vnsene. Simplicity hides him neer them.

Frau. Vsury, thanke me for this good bootie, for it is I that help ye to it, for I sould them to him for gold indéed in the shape of an old French artificer, come giue me halfe for I deserue it, for my part was the first beginning of this Comedie, I was euer affraid, least the foole should haue knowne me, for ye se now though disguisde, hee calme by my name.

simp. Did a so? I am glad I haue found the french man, now Ile raise the street, but Ile haue my wares again, & prouue ye as ye were, euer both false knaues I beleeue. Exit sim.

Frau. Kil him, stab him, out villaine, he wil betray vs all.

Vsu. What a fole were you to speake before he was gone, now you haue lost your part of this too, for he will goe complaine, you will bee sought for, and I made to restore these things againe.

Fra. Not if thou be wise, thou wilt not tarie the reckoning, for seest thou not vs three? Dissimulation simony and my selfe?

Vsu. Yes: What meanes these canuas suites? Will yee be Sailers?

Fra. Vsury make one, this is our intent: let's sée that none heare vs

vs now: the Spaniards are comming thou hearest with great power, here is no liuing for vs in London, men are growen so full of conscience and religion, that Fraud, Dissimulation and Simony are discipbered, and being discipbered are also dispised: and therefore wee will slip to the sea, and meet and ioine with the enemie, and if they conquere as they may, for they are a great armie by report, our credite may rise againe with them, if they faile and retire, we may either goe with them and liue in Spaine, where we and such good fellowes are tollerated and vsed, or come stily again hether, so long as none knows but friends.

Vsu. But wil you do thus you two?

Dis. And thou too I hope, why, what should we do?

Vsu. Whatsoeuer ye doe, be not traitors to your natiue countrie.

Simo. Tis not our natiue countrie, thou knowest, I Simony am a Roman, Dissimulation a Mongrel, half an Italian, halfe a Dutchman Fraud so too, halfe French, and halfe Scottish: and thy parentes were both Iewes, though thou wert borne in London, and here Vsury thou art cried out against by the preachers: ioine with vs man to better thy state, for in Spain preaching toucheth vs not.

Vsu. To better my state, nay, to alter my state, for here where I am, I know the gouernment, here can I liue for all their threatning, if strangers preuaile, I know not their lawes nor their vsage, they may be oppressors, & take al I haue, and it is like they are so, for they sak that's not their owne. Therfore here will I stay sure, to keepe what I haue, rather than be a traitor vpon hap and hap I wist: and stay you if ye be wise, and pray as I pray, that the preachers and all other god men may die, and then we shall flourish, but neuer trust to strangers curtesie.

Fra. We shal trust but to our friends & kin, po'll not go with vs, yet for old acquaintance kap counsel, betray vs not, for we'll be gone to sea, I am affraid yen folish knane haue belaied the streets for vs.

Vsu. Let me go afore ye, if any such thing be, Ile giue ye inkling. Exit

Fra. Do, farewel Vsury: and as he goes one way, we'll go another, follow sirs, neuer trust a shrinker, if he be your owne brother.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the three Lordes with their Pages and Fealtie & Herald before them, his coat hauing the armes of London before, and an Oliue tree behind.

 pol. Fealty,

pol: Fealty, thou faithfull Herald of our towne,
Thou true truce-keeper, and ſure friend in peace,
Take downe our ſhields, and giue them to our boies:
Now Fealty, prepare thy wits for war, he deliuers them
To parlie with the proud Caſtillians
Approching faſt the frontiers of our coaſt:
Wit, here, my Page in euerie meſſage ſhall
Attend on thee, to note them and their deedes:
I need not tel thee, they are poore and proud,
Vaunters, vaineglorious, tyrants, truce-breakers,
Enuious, ireſull, and ambitious,
For thou haſt found their facing and their brags,
Their barkes, their coffers, and their wealth, their rags,
But let me tell thee what we craue of thee,
To ſcanne with iudgment what their leaders be,
To note their preſence and obſerue their grace,
And truly to aduertiſe what they ſeeme,
Whether to be experienced in armes,
Or men of name thoſe three that lead the reſt,
the reſt referre we to thy owne conceit,
Feal, I hope in this my dutie to diſcharge, as heretofore

Simplicity, make a great noiſe within, and enter with three or four weaponed.

Simp. Clubs, clubs, nay come neighbours come, for here they bee, here I left them, arrant theeues, rogues, coſoners, I charge ye as you wil anſwere, prehend them, for they haue vndone me, and robb'd me, and made me the poorreſt free man that euer kept a ballad ſtall:

A Conſtable, I charge ye keepe the peace and lay downe your weapons: To the three Lords.

pomp, Who rais'd this tumult? Speake, what meanes this ſtir?

ſimp. O I am vndone, robb'd, ſpoil'd of all my ſtocke, let me ſee, where be they? Keepe euerie ſtreet and doore, ſamine all that comes for Fraud that coſoner.

pol, Maiſters, what meane you in theſe troublous times to keepe this coile?

Conſt, Alas my Lord, her's a poore man rob'd, or coſoned.

ſim. I

Simp. I am rob'd O my boies, my pretie boies, I am vndone, saw ye no theeues, no; no craftie knaues, what be all these?

Wit. Simplicity, away, these be our Lordes, offend them not for feare.

Simp. I seeke not them, I seeke for Fraud that rob'd me.

plea. Go seeke els where, for here's no place for such.

Pol. My friends depart, and qualifie this stir,
And see peace kept within the walles I charge ye.

Const. I wil my Lord, come Simp. we came too late to find your losses. Exeunt.

Simp. Pray for me my boies, I thinke I shal hang my selfe I come euer too late to speed.

pol. Now Lordes, let Honors fire enflame our thoughtes,
And let vs arme our courage with our cause,
And so dispose our selues to welcome them,
Doe me the fauour (if I may intreat)
To be the first to front the foe in face,
The Vanntgard let be Pollicies this once,
Pompes the maine battaile, pleasures the Rereward:
And so bestow vs if you thinke it good.

Pom. I think it good, and time that it were done.

Plea. I think it good, and wish the enemie come.

Enter Diligence.

Dil. And here they come, as braue as Philips sonne,
And his Ephestion, wont to be arraied
In glittering gold, and party coloured plumes,
With curious pendents on their Launces fyre,
Their shieldes Empray'd with gilt copertiments,
Their Pages careless, plaieng at their backes,
As if with conquest they triumphing came.

Pol. If they be conquer'd greater is their shame,
But Diligence go post alongst the coast,
To tell the newes, and loke to welcome them,
Let vs alone: My Lords you heare the newes,
More words were vaine, I know ye wel resoln'd. Exit Dil.

Pom. And here they come, Oh proud Castillians.

Enter firſt Shealty the Herald: then Pride, bearing his ſhield himſelf, his ympreze, a Pearocke: the worde, Non par illi His Page Shame after him with a Launce, hauing appendent gilt, with this word in it, Sur le Ciel, Ambition, his ympreze, a blacke Horſe ſalliant, with one hinder foote vpon the Globe of the earth, one fore foote ſtretchiug towards the cloudes, his woorde, Non ſufficit orbis: His page Treacherie after him, his pendent Argent and Azure, an armed Arme catching at the Sun beames, the woorde in it, Et gloriam Phœbi. Laſt, Tyrannie, His ympreze, a naked Childe on a ſpeares point bleeding, his woord, Poür ſangue, His page, Terrour, his pendent Gules, in it, a Tygers head out of a cloud, licking a bloody heart: The woord in it, Cura Cruor. March once about the ſtage, then ſtand and viewe the Lords of London, who ſhall martch towardes them, and they giue backe, then the Lords of London wheele abont to their ſtanding, and th'other come againe into their places, then Pollicie ſendes Fealtie: their Herraldes coate muſt haue the armes of Spaine before, and a burning ſhip behind.

pol. My Lordes, what meane theſe gallants to perſourme,
Come theſe Caſtilian Cowardes but to braue?
Doo all theſe mountaines moue to breede a meuſe?
Fealty, goe fetch their anſwer reſolute
How they dare be ſo bold, and what they dare doo here.
Shea. What wouldſt thou Herald? As Feal. is going towards thé, they (ſend ſoorth Sheal.
Fea. Parlie with thoſe there, Herald.
Shea. They ſcorne to grace ſo meane a man as thou
With parlie or with preſence.
Fea: Do they ſcorne? what, are thy maſters, Monarchs euerie one?
Or be they Gods? or rather be they Deuils?
Scorne they a Heraldes preſence and his ſpeech?
Name them, that I may knowe their mightines,
And ſo auoid of duties ſome neglect.
Shea. Monarches in minds, and Gods in high conceites,
That ſcorne you Engliſh, as the ſcomme of men,
Whom I ne dare without their licenſe name,
For whom thy duties all are few and baſe,
Fea. Imperious Spaniard, doo a Herald right.

Thy

Thy selfe art one, their Trowch man if thou be,
Be thou my Trunke, that I my message may
through thee conueigh to them from London Lords.
Shea. Base English groome, from beggars sent belike,
Who for their mate thee malapert account,
Dare I (thinkst thou) these Lords magnificent,
Without their speciall pleasure vnderstood,
Once moone with message, or with show of speach?
Fea. More seruile thou to loose a Heralds due,
That is in field a kinges companion,
But if thou dare not my Ambassage doo,
Stand by and stop not my accesse to them.
Shea. Rather wil I returne and know their minde.
Pol. How boy, what newes. (When Sheal. goes to the, Wit goes to the 3. Lords of Lond.)
Wit, The learkal Herald of yen famous crue
Durst not your message to his maisters tell,
Til Fealtie with contumelions wordes,
(Yet was the Spaniard braue and hot in tearmes)
Enforced him for their answere resolute. (The Span. whisper with their Her.)
Pom. Which now belike our Herald shall receiue,
For theirs comes to him.
Sheal. It pleaseth them to be magnifical,
And of their speciall graces to vouchsafe
A counteruiew of Pages, and of shields,
And countermessage by vs Heralds done:
A fauour which they seldome graunt to foes,
Go thou for those, I meete thee will with these.
Fea. My Lords yen brauing Spaniards with
A counteruiew of Pages and of shields,
But what they meane or be I know not yet:
Haply you may by their impresses view,
Or I by parlie some coniecture giue,
So please it you your pages and your shields
With me to send, their Herald comes with theirs.
pol. Our shields I reck not, but to send our Wealth
Feal. Accompanied with Wit and Will, no peril.
Pom. It is my wealth, but kép him if they dare,
Ile fetch him double if they doo my Lordes,

Plea. Boies, take our sheildes and speares, for they come on.
Wit. Maile Spaniard, couch thy Launce and pendent both,
Knowest where thou art? Here wil we beare no braues

When the English boies meet the other, cause them to put downe the tops of their Lances, but they beare vp theirs.

Wea. Downe with your point, no loft borne Lances here
By any stranger be he foe or friend.
Wil. Wel doest thou note the couching of thy Launce,
Mine had ere this els goar'd your Spanish skin.
Feal. Wel done my boies, but now all reuerence.
Shea. Aduaunce againe your Launces now my boies. hold vp again
S. Pride. Dicito nobis ideo qui ades, quid sibi velint isthæc Emblemata? Dicito (inquam) lingua materna: nos enim omnes belle intelligimus, quamuis Anglicè loqui dedignamur.
Fea. Then know Castillian Caualieros this,
The owners of these Emblemes are three Lordes
Those three that now are viewing of your shieldes,
Of London, our chiefe citie are they Lordes,
Pollicie, pompe, and pleasure be their names:
And they in honour of their mistresses,
Loue, Lucre, Conscience, London Ladies three,
Emblazoned these Scutchens, challenging
Whom durst compare, or challenge one of them,
And Pollicie a Tortoys hath Empriz'd,
Encompast with her shel, her native walles,
And prouidens securus is his word:
His page is Wit, his Maistresse Lady Loue.
pomp in his shield a Lilly hath pourtrai'd,
As paragon of beautie, and bone grace:
Glorie sauns peere his word, and true it is,
With Londons Pompe Castile cannot compare,
His Page is wealth, his maistresse Lucre hight.
Pleasure, the daintie of that famous towne,
A Faulcon hath emblazon'd, soaring hie,
To showe the pitch that Londons Pleasure flies:
His word Pour temps, yet neuer stoupes to traine,
But vnto Conscience, chosen for his deere.

His

His Page is Will, and thus th'effect you heare.
S. Pride. Buena buena per los Lutheranos Angleses,
Fea. Mala, mala per Catholicos Castillianos,
Pol. Loqueris Anglicè?
Shea. Maximè Domine.
Pol. Agedum, Go to then and declare thy Lords, their shields, their pages, and their purpose.
Speak man, feare not, though Spain vse messengers il,
Tis Englands guise to entreat them curteously.
Shea. Three Caualieros Castillianos here,
Without Compeeres in compasse of this world:
Are come to conquer, as ful wel they shal
this mol-hill Isle, that litle England hight,
With London that proud paltrie market towne,
And take those Dames Loue, Lucre, Conscience
Prisoners, to vse or force as pleaseth them.
The first (now quake) is Spanish Maiesty,
That for his pumpreze giues Queene Iunoes Bird,
Whose traine is spangd with Argus hundred eies,
the Queene of Gods scornes not to grace him so.
His word is Non par illi, none his like:
Yet is his page or bench-man Modesty,
Lucre the Lady that shal be his prize:
And in his pendent on his Lances point,
Sur le Ciel his word, aboue the heauens.
pol. Whilome indeed aboue the heauens he was,
Could he haue kept him in that blessed state,
From thence for pride he fell to pit of paine,
And is he now become the pride of Spaine?
And so his page not Modesty but Shame.
Wel, on the rest.
Shea. Don Honor is the next grand peere of spain,
Whose pumpreze is a Courser saliant,
Of colour Sables, darkening aire and earth,
Pressing the Globe with his disdainfull foot,
And saliency to aspire to rowling skies,
Non sufficit orbis is his haughtie word,
The world sufficeth not high Honors thoughtes,

And on the pendent fired on his Lance,
A hand is catching at the ſunnie beames:
& gloriam Phœbi, and the Suns bright coatch,
Honor would guide, if he might haue his wil.
His Page is Action tempering ſtil with ſtate.
pol. Himſelfe Ambition, whom the heauens do hate,
ſhea. and Loue the Lady that he hopes to gaine,
pol. His thoughts diſtract from foule diſtempered brain
Proues him the verie firebrand of Spain:
And in his ſhield his blacke diſordered beaſt,
Scaling the ſkies, ſcornfull to tread the ground,
And both his words, proud words proaue perfectly
Action his page to be but Treachery,
Euer attendant on Ambition: but to the third.
Sheal. The third graund Caualiero is Gouernment,
Seuere in Iuſtice, and in iudgment deepe:
His ymprezze is a naked Infant goar'd
Upon a Lance, ſignifing, ſeueritie.
His word, pour ſangue, for blood of enemies
He bendes his forces: on his pendent is
A Tyger licking of a bleeding heart:
And Cura Cruor is the word thereon,
His care's for blood of thoſe that dare reſiſt:
Yet hight his Page that followes him, Regard,
and he for Conſcience to this conqueſt comes.
pol. The Gouernment of ſpaine is Tyrannie,
as doo his ymprezze and his words declare,
His Page is Terror: for a Tyrant feares
His death, in diet, in his bed, in ſleepe,
In conſcience: Spight the Spaniſh tyrannie
Hath ſhed a ſea of moſt vnguilty blood: Wel, what's the end?
Shea. The end is beſt you yeld, ſubmitting you to mercy of theſe (Lords.
Pom. Before we fight: ſoft ſir, ye braue too faſt.
Caſtilians, know that Engliſhmen wil knock, but ſay,
Doth Spaniſh Pride for Londons Lucre gape,
ple. And would their Tyranny Conſcience captiue haue?
pol: Doth their Ambition Londons loue affect?
ſheal. All this they will, and pray vpon your towne,

And

And giue your landes away before your face:
alas, what's England to the power of spaine?
a Molehil, to be placed where it pleaseth them.
pom. But in this Molehil many Pismyres be,
All which will sting before they be remou'd,
What is thy name?
sheal. Shealty,
pol. An Irish word, signifieng liberty, rather remisnes,
losnes if ye wil, why hath thy coat a burning ship behind?
shea. to signify ẏ burning of your fleet by vs Castilliãs,
pol: It rather means your common wealth's on fire,
about your eares, and you were best loke home,
a common wealth's compared to a ship,
If yours do flame, your countrey is hot, beware.
Feal. I see Castiltans, that you marueil much
at this same Embleme of the Olive tree
Upon my backe: Lo this it signifies.
Spaine is in warres, but London liues in peace,
Your native fruit dooth wither on your soile,
and prospers where it neuer planted was.
This Londons Fealty dooth anouch for trueth,
Herald of war, and Porter of their peace,
Commaund ye me no seruice to my Lords.
S. Pride. Quid tibi cum domini mox seruient miseri nobis; discede.
Feal. Quid mihi cum dominis seruietis miseri meis?
pom shealty, say vnto yen Thrasos thee.
The Lordes of London dare them to the field,
Pittieng their pride and their Ambition,
Scorning their Tiranny, and yet fearing this,
That they are come from home and dare not fight,
But if they dare in ioint or seuerall armes,
Battaile or combat, him that Lucre sekes,
Your Spanish pride, him dare I from the rest.
ple. That bloodie cuire, your Spanish Tyranny,
That Londons Conscience would force with crueltie,
I challenge him for Conscience sake to fight,
a Lord of London, and I pleasure hight.
And shealty, when Cittzens dare them thus,

Iudge what our Nobles and our courtiers dare;
Pol. Say if thou wilt that Londons pollicy
Discernes that proud Ambition of spaine,
And for he comes enflamde with Londons loue,
In combat let him conquere me and haue her,
this is Loues fauour, I her seruant am.
pom. This Lucres fauour, Pomp for her will fight.
Plea. this Conscience fauour, the my mistresse is.
shea. You cranen English on your dongbils crowe.
Pom. You Spanish Fesants crow vpon your pearch,
But when we fire your coates about your eares,
And take your shippes before your walled townes,
We make a dongbill of your rotten boanes,
And cram our chickens with your graines of gold:
shea. You will not yeld?
ple, Yes, the last moneth.
shea. Farewel. Retire Heraldes with the pages to their places.
S. Pride. Vade.
pol. Herald, how now?
Fea. Yen proud Castillians looke for your seruice.
Pom. So do we for theirs: but Fealtie, canst thou declare to me the cause why all their pages follow them, when ours in showes do euer goe before.
Fea. In war they followe, and the Spaniard is warring in mith
pol. But that's not now the cause, yen three are Pride, Ambition Tyranny,
shame followes pride, as we a prouerbe haue,
pride goes before, and shame comes after,
Treachery euer attendes vpon Ambiton:
And Terrour alwates with a fearfull watch,
Doth wait vpon il conscienced Tyranny:
But why stay we to giue them space to breath:
Come, Courage, let vs charge them all at once.

Let the three Lordes passe towards the Spaniards, and the Spaniardes make show of comming forward and sodainly depart.

Pom. What brauing cowards these Castillians be,
My Lordes let's hang our Scutchens vp againe,

And

And shroud our selues but not farre off vnseene,
To proue if that may draw them to some deed,
Be it but to batter our pampered shieldes.
plea. Agreed, here Fealty, hang them vp a space:

They hang vp their shieldes, and step out of sight. The Spaniardes come and flourish their rapiers neer them, but touch them not, & thē hang vp theirs, which the Lords of London perceiuing, take their owne and batter theirs: The Spaniards making a lirle showe to rescue, do sodenly slippe away and come no more.

pol. Facing, faint-hearted, proud and insolent,
That beare no edge within their painted sheaths,
That durst not strike our sillie patient shieldes.
Pom. Vp haue they set their owne, see if we dare
Batter on them, and beat their brauing Lordes.
ple. Let them not ponder hang vnhackt, my Lords.
Pol. With good aduise, that we be not surprised, and good enough/
pom. My selfe wil onset giue on Prides, at your Peacocke sir.
plea. At Tyrannies wil I bestow my blow, wishing the maister.
Pol. I at Ambitions strike, haue at his pampered Iade.

Enter S. Pride.

S. Pride. Fuoro Viliagos, fuoro Lutheranos Angleses, fuoro sa, sa, sa.
Pom. Their shieldes are ours, they fled away with shame,
But Lordings, whiles the stratagenm is fresh,
And memorie of thir misfortune greene,
Their hartes yet fainting with the nouell griefe,
Let vs pursue them flieng, if you say it,
Haply, we may preuent their passage yet.
pol. With speed and heede the matter must be done,
ple. Therefore you Pollicie shall our leader be.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter three Ladies and Nemo.

Ne. The day is ours, faire Ladies let vs ioy,
The ioyfull day that all men may reioice,
Yet onely I am thankfull for this good.
And your good day at hand approcheth fast.
Wherein you shall be iounde to three such Lordes,

As all the cities vnder heauens bright cope,
Cannot with all their glorie match in worth,
Lucre. Lord Pomp a victor comes to thee:
Loue, loke thou for Lord pollicy aswell:
And Conscience for her well reformed Fere,
pleasure, that onely made his choice of her.
Vpon that day triumphant shall we feast,
Wherein (Madames) your honors nil be least.
Lucre. Against their comming might my read be hard,
Prepare would we garlands of Laurell greene,
To welcome them, more for the common good,
Than for affection priuate that we beare.
Loue. To meet them comming wil not be amisse,
But what know we how they will take such work,
Con. Report may be much more than there is cause,
We may them mete and greet with ioyfull beartes,
And make them garlonds when we know their mindes.

Enter the three Lords with the Spanish Shieldes and Diligence

Ne. And here they come with new ymprezed shields,
My Lords wel met, and welcome from your foes.
Lucre. Lord pomp, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Loue. Lord pollicy, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Con. Lord pleasure, welcome with vnfained heart.
ple. Faire ioy and Lady yr. thousand thankes.
pol. Faire Loue, and Lady, twice as many thankes.
Pom. Faire and beloued Lucre, though I speake lack,
As kindly I thy welcome do accept,
As heart can thinke, pen write, or tongue can tell.
Ne. Now speak my Lords how haue ye speed?
pol. Right wel: thanks vnto him ý gaue the day to vs,
The pride of Spaine was cloak'd with Maiestie,
And Shame his page, (nicknamed) Modestie,
Spanish Ambition, Honor would be cal'd,
And Treacherie his page, term'd Action.
Their Tyranny was cleped Gouernment,
Terror his page, was (falsly) nam'd Regard,
But God aboue hath giuen them their reward.

They

They with dishonor left their shields behind,
The onely prises purchast by vs now,
And those (faire Ladies) we present to you,
Loue, this is thine, and he that giues it thee.
Ne. In lieu whereof your gift and her I giue
Againe to you, that merite more than both.
pol. The greatest gift and good could me befall.
pom. Fair lucre, loe, my present and my self.
Lucre. Which I with Nemos license gladly take.
Ne. Take her Lord pomp, I giue her vnto thee,
Wishing your good may ten times doubled be.
pom. the wished good this world could giue to me.
ple. Of duties I (my deere) must giue thee this,
that art my comfort and my earthly blisse.
Ne. Now Lords, I hope you are contented all,
pomp with his Lucre, pollicie with Loue:
pleasure with Conscience, ioy fall you from aboue:
And thus to you my promise is perfourm'd,
And I erpect that yours aswell be kept,
That present preparation may be made
to honour those with holy mariage rites,
that I in presence of the world may giue
these as my daughters vnto you my sonnes.
Pol. By my consent one day shal serue vs all,
Which shall be kept for euer festiuall.
pom. And on that day in honor of these Dames,
these shields in triumph shall be borne about.
Plea. with pageants, plaies, and what delights may be
to entertaine the time and companie.
Ne. So it please you Lordings, me thinks it wer mèet,
that the Ladies tooke care to prouide their owne toies.
My selfe nède to helpe them, who know their minds well,
For I can keepe women both quiet and constant.
pol. It pleaseth vs well that you wil take the paines.
Faire ones, for a while we betake you to your busines.
Pom. Ladies, adue. the Lords bring thē to the doore, & they go out & Ne.
ple. Beloued, farewel. Fra. giues Pol. a paper, which he reads & then saies
pol. It seemes by this writing sir, you would serue me,
Is your name Skil? whom did you serue last?

 Frau. An

Frau. An ill maister, my Lord, I serued none but my selfe.

pol. Haue ye neuer serued any heretofore?

Fra. Yes, diuers my Lord, both beyond sea and here with your patience, my good Lord, not offending the same, I thinke I am your poore kinsman, your Lordship, pollicy, and I Skil, if it like ye.

pol. You say verie well, and it is verie like, I will answere yee anon. Diss. giues Plea. a paper which he reades, and saies.

ple. Is your name faire semblance that wish to serue me.

Dis. Please it your Lordship, fair semblance, I am wel sen, though I say it, in sundry languages, meet for your Lordship, or any noble seruice, to teach diuers tongues, and other rare things.

Plea. I like ye verie well, stay a while for your answere,

Enter Vsurie and giues ap aper to Pompe which he reades, and saith,

pom. Maister Vsury, I thanke ye that ye offer me your seruice, it seemes to be for your old maistresse sake, Lady lucre, stay but a while, I will answere you with reason.

The three Lords go together, and whisper, and call Diligence, Diligence goes out for a marking yron, and returnes.

Frau. How now my hearts, think ye we shal speed.

pol. Diligence, Come hether.

Vsu. I cannot tell what you shal, but I am sure I shal.

Dis. I am as like as anie of ye both.

Vsu. Fraud.

Dis. Whist man, he's Skil.

Vsu. Skil, Why dost thou seeke to serue Lady Loue? What profite wil that be?

Fra. Tut hold thée content, Ile serue but a while, and serue mine owne turne and away.

pom. Maister Vsury come hether, you desire to serue me, you haue done Lady Lucre good seruice you say, but it was against God and Conscience you did it, neither euer in your life did ye anie thing for Loue: Well to be short, serue me you shall not, and I would I could banish you from London for euer, or keepe you cloase prisoner, but that is not in me, but what is or may be, that strait you shall see: By pollicies counsell this shall be done, Diligence bring that yron, helpe me my Lords.

Enter

Enter Diligence.

pol. Giue me the yron Pomp, Cosen Skil help to hold him,
Fraud laies hold on him but Dils. slip away.
Sirra, pollicy giues you this marke, doo you see,
A litle r. standing in the midd'st of a great. C,
Meaning thereby to let all men understand,
that you must not take aboue bare r. pound in the hundred at any hand,
And that to much too, and so be packing quietly:
And know that Londons Pomp is not sustained by vsury,
But by well ventured marchandize and honest industrie.
Vsu. I would I had neuer seene ye, if this be your curtesie.
Exit Vsurie.
pol, Now Cosen Skil, alias, filthy Fraud,
No kinsman to Pollicie, nor friend to the state.
In stead of seruing me, Diligence take him to Newgate,
Aske not whie, sir, but Diligence if he doe strius,
Raise the street he's vnweaponed, and thou hast a weapon on:
And now Lordes when ye wil, about our affaires, let's be gone,
ple. Agréd, but what's become of faire semblance my man.
pom. A craftie villaine, perceiuing how we meant to Vsurie, slipt away.

Enter Simplicitie in hast, and giue the Lords a paper to read.

Simp. All hail, all raine, all frost, & all snow, be to yeu thrée Lordes of London on a row:
Read my supplantation and my suit yee shall know,
Euen for Gods sake aboue, and thrée Ladies sakes below.
Frau. M. Diligence, Do me fauour, you know I am a gentleman.
Dil. Step aside til my Lordes be gone, Ile doo for you what I can. slip aside.
pom. What's here my boy, what's here? pleasure, this suit is sure to you, for it's mad stuffe, and I know not what it meanes.
ple. Neither doe I: sirra, your writing is so intricate, that you must speake your mind, otherwise, we shall not know your meaning.
pol. Yeu sue for three things here, and what be they tell them:
simp. Cannot you thrée tell, and the suit to you thrée? I am glad a simple fellow yet, can go beyond you three greate Lordes of London.

Why my sake, looke yee, is such a suite, as you are bound in honor to heare, for it is for the puppet like wealth, I would haue no new orders, nor new sciences set vp in the citie, whereof I am a poore freeman, and please ye, as ye may read in my bil ther, simplicity freeman. But my Lords, I would haue thee old trades, which are not for the common wealth, put downe.

Ple. And after all this circumstance, sir what be they?

simp. they be not thee what lacke yees, as what do yee lacke, fine Lockerome, fine Canuas, or fine Holland cloath: or what lacke ye, fine Ballades, fine Sonets: or what lacke ye, a purse or a glasse, or a paire of fine knives: but they be three, haue ye anies, which mee thinks are neither sciences nor occupations, and if they be trades, they are very malapert trades, and more than reason.

pol. As how sir? Name them.

sim. Wil you banish them as readily as I can name them? the first is, haue ye any old yron, old male, or old harneis?

pom. And what fault find ye with this?

simp. What fault? I promise ye a great fault, what haue you or any man els to doo to aske me if I haue any old yron? What if I haue, or what if I haue not? Why should you be so saucie to aske?

plea. Why foole, tis for thy good to give thee money for that, that might lie and rust by thee.

simp. No my Lord, no. I may not call you foole: it is to marke the houses where such stuffe is, that against rebels rise, there is harneis and weapon ready for them in such and such houses, and what then? the rustie weapon doth wound past surgerie, and kils the Queens good subiects: the rest of the old trash wil make them guns too, so it is good luck to find old yron, but tis naught to keep it, and the trade is crafty, and now my L. pollicy, I speak to you, t'were wel to put it downe.

pol. Wisely said, which is your second? Is that as perillous?

simp. Yea, and worse: It is, haue ye any ends of gold and siluer? this is a perilous trade, coueiotus, and a ticement to murther, for, marke ye, If they that aske this should be euill giuen, as Gods forbod, they see who hath this gold and siluer, may not they come in the night breake in at their houses, and cut their throates for it? I tell ye, gold and siluer hath caused as much mischiefe to be done as that, down with it.

pom. they that haue it need not shew it.

Sim, tush, they need aske no such question, many a man hath delight

to

to shew what he hath, the trade's a ticing trade, downe with it:

pol, Now your third sir:

sim, that is the craftiest of all, wherein I am disbus'd, for that goes vnder the colour of simplicity, haue ye any wood to cleaue?

ple. A perilous thing, what hurt is there in this sir?

Sim. Do you not perceiue the subtiltie? why sir, the Woodmongers hires these poore men to goe vp and downe with their betles & wedges on their backs, crieng, haue ye any wood to cleaue, and laugh to see them trauell so loden with wood and yron: now sir, if the poore men go two or three daies and be not set a worke (as sometimes they doo) the Woodmongers pay them and gaine by it, for then know they there's no wood in the citie, then raise they the price of billets so hie, that the poore can buy none. Now sir, if these fellowes were barr'd from asking, whether there were wood to cleaue or not, the woodmongers need not know but that there were wood, and so billets and fagets woulde be sold al at one rate, downe with this trade, we shall sit a cold els my Lords.

Ple. I promise you a wise suit, and done with great discretion.

sim. Yea, is it not? might ye not do wel to make me of your counsel I beleaue I could spie moe faults in a weeke, than you could mend in a moneth:

pol. Wel, for these three faults the time serues not now to redresse:

sim. No marte, for you three must be maried sodainly, and your feast must be dresse:

pom, Against which feast, repaire you to Diligence, and hee shal appoint you furniture and money, and a place in the show, till when farewell. Exeunt

sim. Farewell my Lords, farewel my three Lords, and remember that I haue set ech of yee a fault to mend: wel, I'le go seek M. Diligēce that he may giue me forty pence against the feast sir reuerence: Exit

Dil. what is it M. Fraud, ye would demaund of me? Dil. & Frau. step out

Frau. Sir this you know, though your selfe be a man of good reckoning yet are yee knowen an officer vnto these three Lords, and what discredit it were to me, being a noted man to passe through the streets with you being officer, or if any of my friends should suspect me with you, and dog vs, and see me committed to Newgate, I were vtterly discredited, here is a purse sir, and in it two hundred Angels, looke sir, you shall tell them.

Dil. Here are ſo indeed, what meane yee by this, I will not take theſe to let ye eſcape. deliuer Fraud the purſe againe.

Fra. I meane not ſo ſir, nor I will not giue halfe of them to be ſuffered to ſcape, for I haue done no offence, though it pleaſe them to impriſon me, and it is but on commandement, I ſhal not ſtay long, but I will geue you this purſe and gold in pawne to be true priſoner, onely giue me leaue to goe ſome other way, and home to my lodging, for my bootes and other neceſſaries, for there Ile leaue word I am ridden out of towne, and with al the haſt that poſſibly I may, I wil meet you at Newgate, and giue you an Angell for your curteſie: there is the purſe.

Fraud giues him a purſe like the other.

Dil. I hazard (as you knew) my Lords diſpleaſure herein, and yet to pleaſure you I will venture this once, but I pray ye make haſt that I be not ſhent, I would not for ten Angels it were knowen.

Fra. If I tarie aboue an hower, take that gold for your tarieng.

Exit.

Dil. I do not feare that you'l forfeit ſo much for ſo litle cauſe. Exit.

Enter Nemo with Deſire, Delight, and Deuotion, the three Lordes of Lincolne.

Ne. My Lords of Lincolne, haue you ſuch tytle and ſuch intereſt
To Loue, Lucre, and Conſcience, as ye ſay?
Who gaue you leaue to haue acceſſe to them?
I am their father by adoption,
I neuer knew of Loue twixt them and you:
And to perpetuall priſon they were doom'd,
From whence I onelie might deliuer them.
Which at the ſuit of three moſt matchleſſe Lordes,
Their countrimen, in London bred as they,
I haue perfourm'd, and freed them from their bonds,
And yet haue bound them in their freedome too
To Pollicie, to pleaſure, and to pomp,
Three Lords of London, whoſe they are in right,
Contracted wiues, and done by my conſent,
And euen to morrow is the mariage day,
Except your comming ſtay or break it off,
I wil go call their Lords to anſwere you,
The (yonder couert Baron) medle not. Exit.

Deſire. Fetch

Desire. Fetch them Lord Nemo, we will here attend.
Delight. Attend we may, but vnto litle end,
The Ladies are in hucksters handling now,
Deuo. I would I had my time in praieng spent,
That I in woing Conscience did consume.

Enter the three Lordes of London and Nemo.

Desire. Here come the Lords, let's show good countenance man.
Pom. Yet more adoe before we can inioy
The ioies of mariage with our mistresses?
Be these the Lords that tytle doo pretend?
My Lords of Lincolne, so we heare you be.
What are your names?
Del. Deuotion, Desire, and Delight.
pom. Which comes for Lucre?
Desire. I Desire.
ple. Which for Conscience?
Deuo. I Deuotion.
pol. Which for Loue?
Del. I Delight.
pol. You shall be answered straight.
ple. I can answere them quickly: ye cannot haue them, nor ye shall not haue them.
pol. Stay pleasure, soft: My Lord Desire, you Lucre sake, Desire of lucre (be it without reproch to you my Lord) is couetousnes which cannot be seperated long from that: read my Lord.

Point to the stone of Care.

Desire. In golden letters on this stone is written Care.
pol. Care with desire of lucre well agrees, the rather for that Londons Lucre may not be seperated from Londons Pompe, so you may take that stone if ye will, but the Lady you cannot haue.
Desire. And a stone is a cold comfor in steed of Lucre.
pol. Deuotion to Conscience (I speake now to you my Lord that are learned) is sorrow for sinne, or in one word read.

point to the stone of Remorse.

Deuot. On this sweating stone in brasse is set Remorse.
pol. And that is your portion, for Conscience is bestowed on Lon-

dons Pleasure, because London makes a conscience what pleasure they vse and admit, and what time they bestowe therein, and to what end: so my Lord Deuotion, either that or nothing.

Deuo. A stone is a hard lot in stead of a Ladie.

pol. My Lord Delight, that do delight in Loue, you must I loue, for making choice of mine. Loue is my portion, and that Flint is yours.

Del. Here in lead is written, Charitie. and what of this?

pol. If you be (as I doubt not) honest delight in loue, then in the best sense, you can haue but Charitie, if you be (which I suspect not) other Delight in Loue, you must be noted for Concupiscence, and that you will blush to be: wel Charitie is your best, then that is your portion: For, marke ye, Londons pollicy joines with Londons Loue: to shew, that all our pollicie is for loue of Londons common wealth: and so our loue cannot be seperate from our pollicy, you heare this.

Delight. A Flint's a hard change for so faire a wife.

pol. And thus Lords, Desire of Lucre may take Care,
Deuotion of Conscience may haue Remorse, and Delight of Loue
may haue Charitie, other recompence none.

ple. And so we there leaue you there with Care, Remorse, & charity.
Exeunt.

Desire. With Care and Remorse I sweare, ye deo leaue vs, but what charitie I cannot tell.

Deuot. Wel, yet must we vse Charity though we faile of our desire, and we are answered with such reason as is not to be gainsaid.

Del. Indeed my Lord your calling is to perswade to Charity, but if I vse patience, it shall be perforce.

Deuo. Yet being so wisely warn'd, me thinks we should be arm'd
And take this in worth, that the world wonder no further, I wil take vp my hard burden of Remorse and be gone. Exit

Desire. It is good to follow examples of good, Ile take this heauy burden of Care, and follow as I may. Exit

Del. Because Ile not be singular, Ile frame my selfe to follow, taking this cold portion of Charitie as my share. exit

Enter Simplicity with Diligence.

Simp. Come on M. Didligence, I haue bene seeking ye, as a man should seek a load of hay in a needles eie.

Dil. And why hast thou sought me (I pray thee) so earnestly?

simp. Why?

Simp. Why? For this ointment, these shels, these pictures, do ye not know this Countrie mounting cum this da milii?

Dil. What money, why? Do I owe thee any money?

Simp. Owe me? Tush, no man, what do ye talke of owing? Come, and yet I must haue some certaine sigillatum & deliberatum in præsentia. Doo you not vnderstand sir? Fourty pence and furniture by my Lord pompes pointment, against the wedding day: to bee one of the show-makers, I doe not say show-makers, and yet they be honest men.

Dil. I vnderstand thee now, and thou shalt want neither mony nor furniture for that. saweest thou not Fraud lately?

Sim. No, a For feeit him, for if I could find him, I would make him fast ynough for cosoning me of ten shillings for certain copper buttons and rings, I thought to haue bene a haberdasher, and he hath made me worse than a hay-maker.

Dil. I may say to thee in counsell, but Ile haue no words of it, hee hath ouerreacht me too: but if thou spie him first, let me vnderstand, and if I see him first thou shalt haue knowledge, for Ile tell thee, but laugh not, he shewed me a purse with a hũdred pound in Angels, which he would deliuer me in pawne to be my true prisoner, because for his credite, he was loth to goe with me through the streetes to Newgate: I refused it at first, but at last by his intreatie I was content to take his pawne, and thinking he had giuen me the right purse of golde, he had another like it, which he gaue me with counters, and so went away, I neuer did see him since, but mum, no words of it.

Simp. No words quoth a, that's a stale iest, would you be coson'd so?

Dil. Well, so it is now, come follow me for thy furniture and money. exeunt

Enter Dissimulation and Fraud in caps, and as the rest must be for the showe.

Dis. The coast is cleare, come follow Fraud and feare not, for who can discipher vs in this disguise, thus may we shuffle into the showe with the rest, and see and not be seene, doing as they doo, that are attired like our selues.

Fra. That is, to stand amongst them, and take as they take, torches or any thing to furnish the showe, now if we we can passe but this day vnseene, let to morrow shift for it selfe as it may, I promise thee Dissimulation thou art verie formall.

Diſ. Not more than thy ſelf Fraud, I would thou ſawreſt thy picture
Frau. Picture here, picture there, let's follow our buſines. Exeunt.

Enter a Wench ſinging.

Strowe the faire flowers and herbes that be greene,
To grace the gaieſt wedding that euer was ſeene.

If London liſt to looke, the ſtreetes were nere ſo cleene,
Except it was when beſt it might, in welcome of our Queene:
Three louely Lords of London ſhall three London Ladies wed,
Strowe ſweeteſt flowers vpon the ſtones, perfume the bridall bed.
Strowe the faire flowers. &c.

Enter firſt Diligence with a Truncheon, then a boy with Pollicies Launce and ſhield, then Pollicie and Loue hand in hand: then Fraud in a blew gowne, red cap and red ſleeues, with Ambitions Lance and ſhield, then a boy with Pomps Launce and ſhield, then Pompe and Lucre hand in hand: then Diſſimulation with Prides Launce and ſhield, then a boy with Pleaſures Lance and ſhield: then Pleaſure and Conſcience hand in hand: then Simplicitie with Tirannies Lance and ſhield; they al going out, Nemo ſtaies and ſpeakes.

Ne. These Lordes and Ladies thus to church are gone,
An honoured action to ſolemnize there,
With greater ioy wil they return anone,
Than Cæſar did in Rome his Laurell weare.
Lord pollicy hath Loue vnto his Fere,
Lord pompe hath Lucre to maintaine his port,
Lord pleaſure Conſcience to direct his ſport.

Vſury is marked to be knowen,
Diſsimulation like a ſhadow flætes,
And Simony is out of knowledge growen,
And Fraud vnfound in London but by ſlits.
Simplicity with painefull penurie ſits,
For Hoſpitality that was woont to feed him,

Was

Wil as slaine long since and now the poore doo need him.

That Hospitality was an honest man,
But had few friendes(alas)if he had any,
But Vsury which cut his throat as than
Was succoured,and sued for by many.
Would Liberality had bene by thy side,
Then Hospitality,thou hadst neuer died.
But what meane I,one of the mariage traine,
To mourne for him wil nere be had againe.
His Ghost may walke to mocke the people rude:
Ghostes are but shadowes,and doe sense delude:
I talke too long, for loe this louelie crue
Are comming backe,and haue perfourm'd their due.

Returne as they went,sauing that the blew gownes that bare shields, must now beare torches:Simplicity going about, spies Fraud, and falleth on his knees before Pleasure and Conscience, saieng.

Simp. O Lady Conscience that art maried to Lord pleasure,
Help thy seruant simplicity to recouer his lost t easure:
A boone my Lords,all for Loue and Lucre sake,
Euen as you are true Lordes,help a false lout to take,
plea. Thou shalt haue helpe,speake,what is the matter?
simp. See you yen fellow with the torch in his hand?
One the falsest villaine that is in this land,
Let him be laid hold on that he run not away,
And then yee shall heare what I haue to say.
ple. Diligence bring him hether,good Lordes and Ladies stay,
simp. O Maister Fraud,welcome to the buts,
Now Ile haue my ten shillings in spite of your guts,
The French Canker consume ye,you were an old Frenchman,
Da goll buttoone,goll renga,bugla lase ,you coson'd me than,
My Lords I beseech ye that at tyborne he may totter,
For in stead of gold,the villaine sold me copper.
plea. Is this true M. Skil?
Fra. It is true in a sort my Lord , I thought to bee pleasant with him being my old acquaince,and disguis'd my selfe like an old French

Artificer and hauing a few copper knacks, I sold them to him to make sport for ten shillings, which money I am content to pay him again so shall he haue no losse though he haue made a litle sport.

ple. First giue him an Angell before my face. Simplicity, art thou pleased?

Sim. Truly I am pleas'd to take a good Angell for ten shillinges, speciouslie of such a debter as M. Fraud: but now I am to bee pleas'd otherwise, that is, to see him punished, I promise yee the people loue him wel, for they would leaue work and make halfe holiday to see him hanged.

ple. That his punishment may please thee the better, thou shalt punish him thy selfe: he shall be bound fast to yen post, and thou shalt bee blindfold, and with thy torch shalt run as it were at tilt, charging thy light against his lips, and so (if thou canst) burne out his tongue, that it neuer speake more guile.

Sim. O Singulariter Nominatiuo, wise Lord pleasure: Genetiuo bind him to that posse, Datiuo, giue me my torch, Accusat. For I say he's a coloner. Vocat. O giue me roome to run at him. Ablat. take and blind me. Pluraliter, per omnes casus. Laugh all you to see mee in my choller adust to burne and to broile that false Fraud to dust,

Bind Fraud, blind Simplicity, turne him thrise about, set his face towards the contrarie post, at which he runnes, and all to burnes it, Dis. standing behind Fraud, vnbindes him, and whiles all the rest beholds Simp. they two slip away: Pleasure missing Fraud saith,

plea. Wisely perfourm'd, but soft sirs, where is Fraud? O noble villaine, gone whiles we beheld the other: Who loosed him? Who let him slip? wel, one day he wil pay for all: vnblind Simplicity.

Simp. How now, Haue I heated his lips? haue I warm'd his nose? and scorched his face? Let me see, how lookes the villaine? Haue I burned him?

Dil. Thou hast done more, for thou hast quite consumed him into nothing, looke, here is no signe of him, no not so much as his ashes.

Simp. Merie few ashes if there be any, ye may see what a hot thing anger is, I thinke that the Torch did not waste him so much as my wrath: wel, al London, nay, all England is beholding to me, for putting Fraud out of this world, I haue consum'd him & brought him to nothing

and

I'le tread his ashes vnder my feet, & no more Frauds shal euer spring of them: But let me see, I shal haue much anger, for the Tanners wil misse him in their lether, the Tailors in cutting out of garments, the Shoo-maker in cleuing, the Tapsters in filling pots, and the verie oistermen to mingle their oisters at Billinsgate, yet it is no matter the world is well rid of such a craftie knaue.

plea. Well now thou art satisfied, I wish all here as wel consented,
And we my Lords that praise this happie day,
Fall wee on knees and humbly let vs pray,

pom. First that from heauen vpon our gratious Queene,
All maner blessings may be multiplied,
That as her raigne most presperous hath bene,
During worlds length so may it stil abide,
And after that with saintes be glorified.
Lord graunt her here health, heart's-ease, ioy and mirth,
And heauen at last, after long life on earth.

pol, Her counsel wise, and Nobles of this land
Bless, and preserue O Lord with thy right hand.

plea. On all the rest that in this Land doo dwell,
Chiefly in London, Lord poure downe thy grace,
Who liuing in thy feare and dying well,
In heauen with Angels they may haue a place.

FINIS.